

# The Sign



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.

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The Romance of Petit Lac

By Theresa Fairfield

The Super-Vegetarians

By E. M. Standing

With the Passionists in China

Vol. 3, No. 12

JULY, 1924

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## You Will, Won't You?

To the Readers of THE SIGN:

My Dear Friends:

You will observe that this issue of THE SIGN appears in a new dress. We hope you will like it. It is another proof that we are doing what our means will permit to improve our magazine and make it more worthy of your continued patronage.

In improving its material make-up, we are not neglecting the intellectual content of THE SIGN. We are glad to tell you that many have congratulated us (sincerely, we know) on such departments as Current Fact and Comment, The Sign Post, The Appeal of Jesus Crucified and With the Passionists in China, not to mention particular articles in Economics, Biography and Fiction.

At present we have a bona-fide circulation of over 60,000. This is splendid in view of the fact that THE SIGN is not yet three years old. But it is imperative that we increase this circulation. Will you help us? You can do so by renewing your own subscription promptly, by getting others to subscribe, and by saying a good word to your friends and acquaintances about THE SIGN. During your vacation you will meet people who would subscribe if they knew our magazine.

Please do not forget that THE SIGN is an efficient expounder and propagator of Catholic Truth. In extending its circulation, you are widening its sphere of influence. Remember also that it is the chief means of support of our Chinese Missions. Every cent derived from its sale is sacred money dedicated to the Cause of Christ in China.

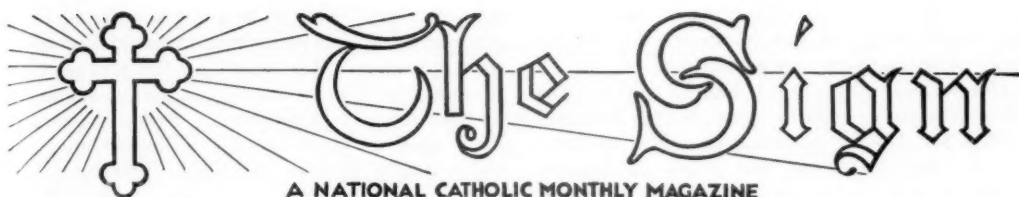
As convinced Catholics we must be heart and soul for Jesus Christ and His interests. In our own country there are millions of men and women who are opposed to His Church or indifferent to her, because they don't know what she is or what she stands for. THE SIGN will enlighten some of them.

Money received through THE SIGN and for its sale will help our devoted Missionaries in China to care for the poor, the afflicted, the ignorant, and to bring them to the knowledge and love of our Blessed Lord.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*





A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Vol. III

JULY, 1924

No. 12

## Current Fact and Comment

### "Making a Mockery of Him"

TO refer to the Crucifix as a book should not be taken as a far-fetched figure of speech. This peculiar aspect of the Crucifix is based upon the realities of experience. Let any problem of time or eternity be submitted to quiet contemplation in the presence of the image of our redemption and you will have obtained the clearest solution of that problem,—the most satisfactory explanation of its import. That we should be confronted by men claiming to rank as Christian theologians and at the same time defending the most destructive and incompatible views regarding the fundamentals of faith can be accounted for only on the intimation of the Apostle: "God hath set them the spirit of insensibility." Despising the supernatural aids to light and certitude, they insist on merely human sources of information—on the flash from the friction of finite intellects. They do not in a spirit of honest inquiry "look upon Him Whom they have pierced."

Examining a sermon preached in the year 1900 by the Methodist divine, Rev. Byron Stauffer, we find this familiar indictment of the liberals of that time: "A new invention of destructive criticism enables men to accept the comfortable features of the Word, and reject what seems to them to be out of harmony with their individual reasonings. You cannot do that with God's word. You must take it or leave it, and you had better be an agnostic, pure and simple, than take from God's word the declarations that you choose to discard." And we have to remind ourselves that it is not a Catholic apologist who utters this challenge to weigh the fundamental dogma of eternal punishment in the light of the Passion and Death of the Redeemer:

We of the so-called orthodox churches believe in the vicarious suffering of Christ. Our Lord Himself declared: "For, God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He also declared that the "Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." Thus Paul declares that "We have

redemption through His Blood"; also that "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures."

Now, if there is no Hell, there is no danger. If no danger, no need of rescue. If we are in no danger, and there is no need of rescue from danger, then why did God send His Son? For we are told that whosoever believeth should not perish, the statement implying, of course, that there are others who do perish. The word "perish" certainly does not hold out one morsel of hope that those who believe and those who do not believe will finally be on the same level of eternal joy. Christ came to save from something, and that something seems to careful readers to be eternal exclusion from the state of those who do believe. . . . What a mockery for Christ to come to save the world, if we were all able to reply, "You needn't come, for we are not lost; You need not shed Blood, for we need no atonement; You need not die and rise again, for we will all be saved anyway."

What a hollow mockery we make of our Lord if we deny the existence of the abyss from which He has snatched those who by faith reach out a hand to be saved. He bled and died and rose again that men might be saved—from what? Eternal ruin, says one; just a little scare, says the other. . . . Great rescues mean great dangers. . . . How can I call poor mankind to Christ and show them His bleeding Hands and Feet unless I can show them that He has done something for them?

### The Chinese Woman

THOSE who are familiar with the customs of China know how wretched is the lot of women in that country even from childhood. Their plight is intimated in this verse from a Chinese nursery rhyme:

We keep a dog to watch the house,  
A pig is useful too;  
We keep a cat to catch a mouse,  
But what can we do  
With a girl like you?

Their happiest fate is to be cast off in their infancy by heartless parents and thus to find their way to a Catholic orphanage. If they survive otherwise, their common fate is to be abandoned or sold into a life of slavery or dishonor. If we are shocked by these conditions it is because we forget that such invariably has been the plight of woman wherever Christianity has not permeated with its spiritual sympathies, its finer influences, its

## THE † SIGN

generous sentiments of chivalry, and bearing the immaculate image of her whom it exalts as the model of maidenhood and womanhood.

Due to increasing contact with Christian civilization, directly through the missions and indirectly through social and educational channels, measures for the due recognition and relief of Chinese women have been put into effect. Such progress has been facilitated through the operation of a republican form of government. Numerous Chinese women educated in Western institutions are engaged in the advanced professions. Furthermore, they have organized and have been encouraged by a parliament listening to their demands for suffrage, for educational advantages, for relief from legal disabilities, for laws against licensed prostitution, girl-slavery, foot-binding and polygamy and even for equal rights as claimed by their more ambitious Western sisters. One Chinese woman has been elected to the legislature in our province of Hunan.

With women disenthralled and exerting their wholesome influence upon normal family life, many of the inveterate obstacles to the progress of the true Faith in that vast empire will be removed.

### Modern Youth and Modern Parents

IT is quite idle to inquire whether the young people of to-day are decadent compared with those of former times. It is a perennial question and has evoked a pessimistic reply in every generation. *The Homiletic Review* quotes this lament inscribed on a brick recovered from an Assyrian ruin: "The times are decadent. There is lawlessness everywhere. Children no longer obey their parents. It is manifest that the end of the age is at hand."

A more practical form of inquiry might be addressed to those elders claiming that their period of youth was distinguished by more piety, docility and self-restraint: how far are they themselves responsible for the deterioration? Admitting that their better deportment was due to the vigilance and discipline of their parents applied according to the prevailing circumstances of their day, have they been equally diligent with safeguards and measures of discipline for their children according to the altered circumstances confronting them?

We may assume that young people of all generations have the same fundamental instincts and cravings. The change is rather in their environments. And as it is the thrill that counts with youth, we must trace our alarm for the present generation to a sudden and unprecedented change of environment. We are reminded that

there is a greater thrill in an auto joy-ride than in a buggy-ride, in a movie than in an old-fashioned romantic novel. The youth of the present day, in contact with more and bigger thrills, has more constant need of self-control. Beside the steady attack upon his senses there is the impact upon his soul wrought through the liberal literature that brazenly usurps a place in his education. With no stronger safeguards than his predecessors we must expect him to fall more frequently and more grievously.

Parents are chiefly responsible for the adjusting of youth to this extremely perilous environment. They must supply the weapons of defense. Vigilance and discipline should correspond with the increase in the allurements and dangers. Home and school training should be such as to enable the youth skillfully to curb his thrills and impulses, should familiarize him with supernatural motives of self-denial, should inspire him with loyalty to Christ and make the thought of Christ Crucified his most effective means of rejecting temptation.

### A Deduction from the Polls

ONLY about a fourth of our population is Protestant. Yet a Catholic aspiring to the presidency is admitted to be under a notable disadvantage because of his religion. Hence, we may reasonably conclude that the fifty per cent of the population unaffiliated with any Church support preferably the non-Catholic office-seeker. It would seem that prejudice lingers with them even after they have grown indifferent to religious sentiment and practice. Protestantism may derive some comfort from this sort of allegiance, but, surveying the vast wreckage of faith throughout the land, it should be led to question its efficiency as a religious body destined to gather souls into the Christian fold and to keep them there. Among the fifty millions of backsliders and descendents of backsliders the small proportion who have drifted from the Catholic Church have done so, not despite her care and ministrations, but through the peculiar circumstances of isolation.

Calling attention to the defection of millions from Protestantism is not a gratifying occupation. It does, indeed, present a contrast between the disintegrating tendencies of that body and the forces that make for fecundity and stability in the Catholic Church. Nevertheless we should be deeply concerned at observing vast numbers who share our social and political life abandoning the light of the Gospel and becoming utter strangers to Christ, the one source of light for their understandings and of strength for their wills. As the Cardinal-

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Primate of Spain recently reminded the members of the Spanish National Congress of Education: "The Government will never have anything to fear from those who fear God."

There is a parallel situation abroad. Any move by the British Government to record religious affiliations in the census is invariably blocked by the Church of England. The revelation would be disadvantageous and disparaging to the latter. But we have the figures: taking membership in a broad sense, out of a total population of thirty-eight millions in England and Wales there are but four million adherents of the Church of England.

### Mote and Beam

THAT obstacle to the exposition of Catholic truth—the assumption that Catholic apologists and historians are hopelessly biased—is happily defined and the presumption of a large class of critics is neatly exposed by the *London Universe* in this classic paragraph:

Before leaving the Hibbert we have to remark upon one amazing statement in one of the book reviews. From this we gather that Cardinal Gasquet's "subtle special pleading has led many astray," and that "even Dom Butler cannot be altogether exempted from a natural bias." On the other hand, in Dr. G. G. Carlton "we salute the historian with no axe to grind." Really the state of mind of people who can write and think like this beats us. If a man is a Catholic he cannot be trusted, when writing on a Catholic subject because of a natural bias. If a man is a notorious and violent anti-Catholic, then, when writing on a Catholic subject, he has "no axe to grind"—even though, on the testimony of this very reviewer, "it might be possible for the specialist to dispute some inference. . . or to point to some omitted factor"; in other words, even though Dr. Carlton may omit what he ought to state, and draw wrong inferences from what he does state. But whatever Cardinal Gasquet may infer is inferred by the process of "special pleading," and whatever Dom Butler may state is biased. Manifest nonsense of this sort, in educated people, is, we suppose, only to be accounted for by that Protestant tradition that so strongly persists in some quarters alongside of the general renewed interest in things Catholic—the tradition that to be a Catholic is simply to be outside the pale and without the most elementary rights of an ordinary human being.

### In the Presence of Hermes

IN order to sustain the theory of evolution it is necessary to assume hundreds of thousands of years for the development of the human race. A great deal of romance has been evolved out of the discovery of some primitive implements lodged in the earth's epidermis. Many have become so familiar with the representations of the prototype of *homo sapiens* as a hairy, muscular and half-erect creature, armed with a huge gnarled club in defense of his cave-home and progeny and with

prowling mastodons in the perspective, that they no longer take them for rank fiction and the product solely of fertile imaginations. There is an enormous gap between the sporadic evidences of paleontology and the revelations of archeology concerning the evolutionary development of man. Either class of delver should have been confronted ubiquitously by numerous traces of the brute origin of man and of his ascent from cave life to civilization if human evolution were a fact. Archeology constantly pushing its researches back to the remotest times invariably discovers the human race fully developed in a civilized and even cultured environment. An occasional caché of primitive implements might be taken as evidence of devolution or that some tribe had wandered beyond the reach of civilized influences.

It would be mentally beneficial to the American public to exhibit the Hermes of Praxiteles to them as proposed. The thoughtful observer privileged to gaze upon this specimen of the art of an age

"When gods and heroes stepped from sculptor's brain."

would recall that that Golden Age of Greek genius was but the culmination of a civilization and not merely a stage in evolutionary momentum. For retracing the authentic history of that people he would find civilization everywhere and, at its dawn, no intimation or pre-human origins.

Further, the same observer would find reason to discredit those who claim that man is still subject to evolutionary agencies eliminating his defects, expanding his powers and disposing him even for such perfection as is promised by H. G. Wells in *Men Like Gods and Dreams*. That the human race at the present time is only in its infancy is a favorite postulate of the evolutionists. All the evidence is rather for devolution. The peak of human achievement was reached in the age of Praxiteles. As Cardinal O'Connell observes, "Egypt and Greece and Rome will never be dumb mausoleums. Even to-day they live with an ever quickening interest for all who follow to its source the potent stream of civilized human life. The builder, the poet, the writer, the ruler in the youngest of nations must still learn from them the form, the style, the law discovered by them ages ago, which may be weakly imitated but never surpassed." Twenty five centuries later his contemporaries were still the models and masters in the field of culture. Retrogression has been stayed in a measure by research and the application of the resources of nature to the social and economic advantage of the race. But such advantage may

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not be considered a forward stage in man's evolution. As Sir Richard Gregory admonishes:

Men of science have created stores of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, and of power unlimited, and these resources have been used to convert beautiful countrysides into grimy centres of industrialism and to construct weapons of death of such diabolical character that civilized man ought to hang his head in shame at their use. Mankind has indeed proved itself unworthy of the gifts which science has placed at its disposal, with the result that squalid surroundings and squandered life are the characteristics of modern western civilization, instead of social conditions and ethical ideals superior to those of any other epoch. . . Like the gifts of God, those of science can be made either a blessing or a curse, to glorify the human race or to destroy it.

### Their Last Hour

ACCORDING to our Italian contemporary *Il Divin Crocifisso*, while anti-clericals were honoring the memory of Renan on the occasion of his centenary, documents were recovered affirming that the apostate and impious author of a *Life of Christ* turned his thoughts to God seriously in his last hours.

Renan died on October 2nd, 1892. During the two years preceding his death he received at regular intervals an anonymous note bearing this sole message, "There is a Hell!" On September 29, he entered upon his last agony and suffered much. Extreme measures were employed to alleviate his pain. His wife from an adjoining room heard his cries and groans as the physicians administered to him. Entering the room vacated by the physicians she was accosted by the patient, his face drawn and livid, "Why have you abandoned me into the hands of these ruthless doctors, these ignorant infidels?"

On the following day Renan, touched by the sympathy and tireless devotion of his wife, exclaimed, "Courage, we must die! All must die! Heaven alone remains!" During the remaining hours the patient repeated constantly, "Have pity on me, O my God, have pity on me!" And thus he died.

\* \* \* \* \*

RECENTLY the inhabitants of Feldkirch near Vienna had occasion to be solemnly impressed by a fearful incident in their midst. A certain individual was accused of having poisoned his wife for the purpose of securing the amount for which her life was insured. He was duly sworn and denied his guilt. The trial continued at length and at the end of his examination the accused solemnly exclaimed, "If I am guilty, may Almighty God strike me dead this instant! These words were scarcely uttered when he crumpled and

fell to the floor. A physician immediately summoned pronounced him dead of apoplexy.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE centenary of Pasteur recalled the many incidents, habits and frequently avowed principles of faith that rank him as an illustrious example of the fervent Christian and the true scientist. His death was a faithful echo of his life. We are reminded of the lines of Francis Thompson,

What said'st thou, Astronomer,  
As thou didst discover her?  
When thy hand its tube let fall  
Thou found'st the fairest star of all,

as the closing scene of his life is described. The hands that had so surely grasped and guided the delicate instruments of science in the exploration of the sources of humanity's ills, in the end tenderly clasped the crucifix. It was but the same lively faith that had revealed to him in all his discoveries, as he himself declared, the presence and operation of the Creator, now recognizing in that blessed image, the instrument of his eternal salvation.

### Rev. Sebastian Stutts, C. P.

FATHER Sebastian Stutts, C. P., died at St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, N. J., May 19th, in his seventy-eighth year. He was the oldest American Passionist. He attained to prominence through his tenure of various offices. And the success of most of the Passionist foundations in this country was due largely to his activities. He will be especially remembered at Pittsburgh, Pa., St. Paul, Kans., Baltimore, Md., and particularly at West Hoboken where in the Monastery church he could be found at all hours of the day by many who sought his direction or his blessing.

He had received his religious training from the founders of our American province and exemplified the sound principles which they themselves had so thoroughly lived out. A convinced religious and one who had at heart the welfare, both material and spiritual, of his Order, he was an element of strength among American Passionists. He had a remarkable gift of sympathy, and undoubtedly much of his success in directing souls was due to his unflinching patience, his constant kindness and his words of generous encouragement.

Father Sebastian was born in 1846 at Werden, Prussia. He made his college course at St. Vincent's, Beatty, Pa. He wore the Passionist habit for over sixty years and celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood in 1919. His remains are interred in the cemetery at the novitiate in Pittsburgh. R. I. P.



# The Call of God

*Its Answer Seen in the Missionary Activities of the Catholic Church*

By JOHN A. DUFFY, S. T. D.

**S**UNDAY, May 18, there was held in St. Michael's Monastery Church, West Hoboken, N. J., a service that will live long in the memories of the multitude who were privileged to witness it. It was the Solemn Departure Ceremony for the thirteen young American Passionist Missionaries who will sail from San Francisco on July 22, for their life-long mission career in China.

Presiding at the ceremony was the Most Reverend Peter Fumasoni-Biondi, Archbishop of Dioclea and Apostolic Delegate to the United States. The presence of His Excellency was a token of his regard for the Passionist Fathers; and, what is far more valuable, a manifestation of his deep personal interest in the Foreign Missions. As the first Apostolic Delegate to Japan, he is thoroughly familiar with the character, the genius, the needs of the Far East. His genial kindliness and words of encouragement were an invaluable inspiration to the Missionaries.

The sermon of the occasion was preached by the Right Reverend John A. Duffy, S.T.D., Chancellor of the Diocese of Newark. It is not the policy of THE SIGN to print sermons; but the speaker's discourse was of such rare spiritual and literary excellence that we deem ourselves fortunate in being able to reproduce it for our Readers.—EDITORS.

*And as they were ministering to the Lord, and fasting, the Holy Ghost said to them: Separate me Saul and Barnabas for the work whereunto I have called them. (Acts:13/2.)*

**I**T is with no ordinary sentiments of admiration and esteem that we have assembled here to-day. This occasion is itself no ordinary one. The presence here of His Excellency—the Apos-

tolic Delegate—the representative of our Holy Father in America—marks this as an event of unique significance. We are assisting at a service of the deepest religious, and even of historic, importance. Thirteen young priests, called by God to serve Him in an austere Religious Community, by a free and voluntary act, have chosen a more daring service still. As though the severe discipline of a rigorous religious order, were not a sufficient proof of divine love and affection, this heroic band of youth has chosen to give the Savior a fuller measure of devotion. And we, My Brethren—you and I—who call our little prayers and simple duties by the dignified name of acts of sacrifice, stand in awe and admiration, at the religious zeal and heroic courage that casts home and country, health and comfort, and even life itself into the balances, in order that a strange and pagan people may learn to know the one true God and Jesus Christ Whom He has sent.

**W**E are witnessing in this solemn departure service, the power and strength of a call from God. We are witnessing the power of a divine vocation to blot out all other considerations: the claims of kindred, the affection of friends, the attraction of dearly loved scenes and places, the power to see only the beckoning finger of God, and to hear the divine voice saying, "Leave all things and follow Me."

There is nothing, My Brethren, in all life and human experience, so wonderful and so mysterious, as these divine calls, these supernatural vocations. Differing, as they do, in time and circumstances, diverse in the characters addressed, varying in the responses received, all divine calls are alike in this, that they are the claim of Almighty God on an individual for free and unconditional service.



RT. REV. JOHN A. DUFFY, S. T. D.  
Chancellor, Diocese of Newark

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One is called, like Abraham, to leave his father's house and go forth, not knowing whither. Another is called, like the youthful Samuel, to a life time of exacting religious service. Peter was called from his fishing, John while mending his father's nets, Matthew from the receipts of the customs. Whomsoever God wants, him He finds. By dream or vision, through hint or suggestion, in pain and suffering, the Call from God, reaches a human soul—The Master has need for you. "Leave all things and follow Me." In whatever form that call may come, whatever sacrifices it may involve, there is but one way to answer—the way of humble acceptance, of sublime self-dedication, of resolute determination, the way Our Blessed Mother answered her wonderful call—"Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to thy word."

AN occasion like this, therefore, is solemn beyond human power to exaggerate. A new life and new experience open before these chosen friends of ours. From the response they make to their call, from their fidelity in fulfilling it, there depend a series of consequences that stretch from this very altar, even to the throne of God. From all who think most of them, from the hearts of all who love them best, could a better prayer ascend to-day to the throne of grace, than that they may be empowered to answer their call, as their Mother answered hers—"Be it done unto me, according to thy word".

The history of Religion, is the history of divine calls. The text I quoted to you a moment ago is an instance of this truth. That was a call to the Apostles to begin the first great world-wide mission in the history of the Church. With the conversion of Cornelius, the Apostles realized in its fulness the word of Our Savior: "You shall be witnesses to me in Judea, and in Samaria, and to the uttermost parts of the earth." They realized in its fullness that their obligation was no longer to the narrow land of Judea; but, with all its hopes and fears, with all its trials and difficulties, that they were the chosen preachers for the entire known

world. All the multitudes of mankind—wandering and godless; all the gentile nations—rich and corrupted; all the barbarian tribes—the despised and rejected of men, this was the material out of which was to be builded the Church of Christ. And as the Apostles waited in Antioch, and prayed, and wondered at what was to be, the call came to them, "Separate me Saul and Barnabas for the work whereunto I have called them." Then it was that the first missionaries of Holy Church realized that in the fold of Christ there was to be no distinction of persons: "Jew and gentile, bond and free, all one in Christ Jesus."

But we, My Brethren, who live nearly two thousand years after the dispersion of the Apostles, need not look to Holy Scripture alone for a proof of their divine mission and of the divinity of the Church. The history of that astonishing miracle—the Roman Catholic Church—is evidence sufficient of her claims. Turn over the record of the great past, and behold the power of a divine call.



MOST REV. PETER FUMASONI-BIONDI  
Archbishop of Dioclea  
Apostolic Delegate to the United States

TWICE in the extended and eventful history of the Catholic Church she gathered her strength for a world-wide missionary effort. To the Roman Empire first, and afterwards to the barbarian tribes of the North. Her success in these tremendous movements is proof of the power that guides her, for no human organization could have survived so fearful a conflict.

In the history of one man, the first Vicar of Christ, is epitomized the first great struggle to win men to God. About eight years after the Ascension of Our Lord, there arrived in Rome, a feeble old man, the despised son of a despised race. Without power, without wealth or influence, he came in fulfillment of a divine mission to convert the great empire to Christ. What a waif and outcast he must have felt, as he wandered through the gorgeous streets of the imperial city, under the bright sky of an Italian mid-summer. At every step his way was blocked by comers and goers between the city and its harbor: merchants hastening to Ostia to superintend the unloading

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Standing: Fathers Theophane Maguire, Basil Bauer, Anthony Maloney, Gregory McEttrick, Cyprian Frank, Terence Connelly, Jeremiah McNamara. Sitting: Fathers William Westhoven, Rupert Langenbacher, Clement Seybold, Ernest Cunningham, Godfrey Holbein. We regret deeply that the picture of Father Cuthbert O'Gara, the leader of this band, is not with the others. He was unavoidably absent when the photo was taken.

of their cargoes; officials returning to report the condition of the provinces along the Euphrates and the Rhine; soldiers of the pretorian guard, swaggering through the streets in their gaudy plumage; representatives of the avarice and ambition, the pride and the insolence, the power and the wealth, of Imperial Rome. What an hopeless task it must have seemed to penetrate these pagan hearts, to turn them from sin to God.

There were arrayed against the Apostle, the camps, the courts, the shrines and temples of paganism. Yet in the pages of history we seem to see the courageous figure of St. Peter addressing Caesar on his very throne. "You have," he seems to say, "united the world under one standard, taught mankind to obey one law; but to no other purpose than the disciples of Christ may speak more readily of faith and salvation. You have bound this great empire by the most marvelous system of roads the world has ever seen. Your ships are found in every port; but to no other purpose than that the preacher of Christ may carry more quickly the glad tidings of great joy. And now your providential work is over, and, O Caesar, you may step down from your throne."

**AND** Rome answered the challenge, as Rome ever answered a challenge to her supremacy, by war. Not war as moderns wage it. But war

as the Romans fought, pitiless, merciless, without quarter. For three centuries the unequal conflict endured. Ten persecutions with all the strength of a great empire behind them, tried to crush the infant Church. Christians were burned as torches in the public gardens, racked and tortured, thrown to the lions in the arena. Every device that human wickedness could discover was employed to destroy the work of God. There was no power that was not marshalled against the Church. There was no wisdom that was not sharpened to pierce her. There was no allurements that was not used to seduce her. Worn out by its very efforts, the empire capitulated, and Caesar did step down from his throne.

There is but one reading of so astounding an event. Only one power could survive so desperate a struggle—the power that first sent Peter and his successors, and abided with them through all the stages of the fearful conflict, the power of the Most High God.

The Church of Christ is never given rest nor surcease from struggle. Less than a century passed after the conversion of Rome, than once more she had to gird itself for a second missionary endeavor.

The barbarian tribes of the North—Teutons, and Huns, Goths, and Visigoths, Lombards and Vandals, laid waste the mighty civilization Rome

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had established. With wanton cruelty, these mighty races swept over Europe, burning and slaying as they went. Magnificent cities, like Lyons and Vienne, the grandest works of Roman culture, were leveled to the ground. Only black and smouldering embers, showed where the Art, the Literature and the Law of Rome, once had their home. We of to-day realize, in part, the meaning of the downfall of a civilization. We realize that a nation must see the work it gave its life to, broken, and stoop and build it up again with broken tools. Our hearts went out to France and Belgium, when these great nations endeavored to restore the ravages of war. But think what it must have meant to see, not some small section of a country destroyed, but an entire continent given over to uncouth savages. To convert these savage peoples was the second world missionary enterprise of the Catholic Church.

**I**N answer to the call of the great Roman Pontiffs, the Leos and the Gregorys of the early Church, Patrick and Boniface, Columba, Alcuin and Augustine, with the thousands of devoted followers applied themselves to the work of preserving the Faith and Learning of the past. A mere catalog of their achievements gives a faint indication of their labors. To rude and uncultured people they gave a written language; trained them in the arts and the sciences; taught them law and literature; established the great Holy Roman Empire—a government that endured for a thousand years.

The best features of our modern life; our Art and Literature and Law, were preserved to us by

the missionaries of Christ. Their work was to spread abroad the knowledge of God, and, as a mere incident of their labors, they became, by their gifts to civilization, the benefactors of all human society. We of to-day were hewn from the rock of the Middle Ages; but the hand that struck the rock and brought forth our Culture, Faith and Learning, was the Catholic Church and her divinely inspired leaders.

To-day the Church begins one more great missionary enterprise. The people of China, in their turn, are to hear the glad tidings of great joy. In this magnificent work for the Savior, our own America is to have her part. As we look back to former generations of missionaries and apostles, so will future generations turn their eyes to us, and rejoice that the youth of this land, in their day and generation, did a work for God and reaped a harvest for Christ.

It belongs to us, My Brethren, to have our share in so glorious an enterprise. If we cannot join this band of American Apostles, we can at least support them by our prayers and offerings. Pray that they may be gifted with the power to overcome all difficulties, and provide, out of your abundance, the means to carry this divine work to a triumphant conclusion. To help them is both a privilege and an honor!

You, my fellow priests, chosen for this great labor, beginning your work in the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and by the authority of the Apostolic See, and under the patronage of your own great Father, St. Paul of the Cross, may you go forth, and bring forth fruit, and may your fruit remain! Amen.

## Non Sum Dignus

By MARGARET L. CUNNINGHAM

**S**WIFT-coming are Thy gifts, and mounting high,  
Such treasured, winsome things to such as I.  
A wide green vale sun-saturated, seas  
Mirroring infinitude at ease,  
A panted night, with one star swung aloft  
On arm of poplar as the dawn comes soft,  
A child's hand held in mine with trusting grace  
And laughing lakes of blue in upturned face:  
The love of but one soul bestowed on me  
Won by some measure of my fealty.  
O Sovereign of my heart, I silent grow  
At sight of varied riches row on row  
That come in quick succession to my feet,  
Until, dear Lord, of Thee I must entreat  
A surcease, or some morn when dawn-touched sky  
Shall tint a new day's fruited shower, I die!



# Nerves: Some Valuable Suggestions

By JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.



It is a very curious thing to realize that "nerves" used to be looked upon as indicating the strength of a man or a woman and now it is considered a sign of weakness. The old meaning still remains when we use it in the singular, for we talk of a man of "nerve" as one who can face difficulties and dangers and push through in spite of obstacles. Now when we use the plural and talk of a man or woman of "nerves" we mean one who is jumpy, who finds it hard to face difficulties of any kind, who cannot compose himself or herself to rest readily, who cannot leave worries aside but must keep mulling over them to the detriment of their occupation, whatever it may be, and their health, of course.

Worry has been defined as taking thought prematurely, when it can do no good, about something which you will have to do or face tomorrow or next week or perhaps next month while you ought to be occupying yourself with what you have to do today. There is an immense amount of it in the world and as a consequence men and women suffer from what are called nervous breakdowns and nervous exhaustion until it seems very likely that this will be considered the "nervous age" in the time to come, and people will look back on it with a quiet smile at its absurdities and the futilities with which it occupied itself.

There is another word—"nervous"—which has completely changed its meaning practically during our generation. It is rather amusing to turn to the dictionary now and note how absolutely the meaning of the word as we use it now is a contradiction of its significance as used by classic English writers. In Pope's translation of the "Odyssey" of Homer the word was always used in the sense of sinewy, strong, vigorous, well-strung and

thoroughly capable of vital activity. Take the line "What nervous arms he boasts! How firm his tread!"

which Homer uses of one of the heroes of the Odyssey and it is clear how deep was the praise intended by the words.

It was used thus not only of bodily qualities but also of those of the mind and indeed in this sense it is still employed. Blackstone in his Commentaries tells of the law pleadings of the earlier time as being "short, nervous and perspicuous," meaning that they were brief, straight to the point and clear as could be. We still talk of a nervous style in literature meaning thereby that it shows vigor of mind of the writer and that his mode of writing is characterized by force or strength in sentiment or style.

It is too bad to let a word like this that had so favorable and strong a meaning drift into the camp of words that carry an unfavorable suggestion with them and make people feel that they are not as capable as they ought to be and that they need sympathy and deserve pity.

AFTER degrading "nervous" in this way we lost confidence in its value presumably and then longer and more impressive

words had to be found for us. I have often tried to tell audiences that that nice long mouth-filling Greek word, neurasthenia, only means nervous weakness, for the root in Greek, neur, means nerve, and asthenia means lacking strength. Almost needless to say after a good, dear lady has taken well above half an hour to tell all her many symptoms, she would not be satisfied if her physician should say to her in simple terms and almost Saxon plainness, "Madam, you are suffering from nervous weakness." She would probably feel that she knew that already. When the physician pronounces the nice long magic Greek word, neur-

## IS YOURS A CASE OF NERVES?

*NERVOUSNESS may be a fad, a delusion or an affliction. Is your nervousness real? How much of it is due to an overwrought imagination? How much to useless worry? How much to a self-centered outlook on life?*

*Doctor Walsh here makes some pointed remarks on "Nerves." He is a distinguished authority on this American disease. He writes from a large experience and as a conscientious Catholic physician.*

*He addresses himself in plain terms to the man and woman who want to be helped and are willing to help themselves.*

*Remember that an active confidence in God very favorably reacts on one's physical condition.—EDITORS.*

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asthenia, however, that is different. Here is something that one may talk about to one's friends in the trolley car or still oftener in the parlor car where the necessary raising of the voice so as to be heard will give the opportunity for other passengers besides the person to whom one is talking to hear the precious news.

OF late physicians have even been using that other precious term psychasthenia, or, at least, psychasthenic condition, the plain and simple equivalent for which is mental weakness, and patients are quite as satisfied and feel that they have learned a great deal about themselves.

I have dwelt thus on the words and their change of meaning in connection with nervous affections and nervous symptoms because so much of it is a matter of words rather than of reality. When that apostle of simple suggestive therapeutics, M. Coué, came to this country he declared very candidly that he did not cure people but he taught them how to cure themselves. His only method, it may be recalled, was to have them keep saying to themselves frequently during the day and especially at times when they had periods of quiet, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better." One might think that any such simple formula as that would not cure many of the nervous troubles of our day and yet the reputation that M. Coué brought over with him from France was that many thousands of people went to him every year at Nancy and after a time sixty percent of them declared that they were cured and twenty percent were greatly improved, and only ten percent felt that they had not been benefited. Yet that is the whole of M. Coué's method of treating the ailing.

IS it any wonder that I should suggest that it is a matter of words? People think so much about themselves and their health in our day, they are so afraid that they may be called upon to suffer something that they keep saying to themselves, unconsciously very often and quite indeliberately, "Every day in every way I am getting worse and worse," until they reduce themselves to a condition of depression and despondency in which it becomes very difficult for them to stand any, even the smallest, of discomforts not to say pains or aches to which they may be subjected.

I am firmly convinced that the greater part of the nervous ailments of our day which have become ever so much more common than they used to be are due to the lack of faith in a higher power, lack of confidence in a Providence that oversees every detail of life and somehow, though we may

not be able to know quite how, fits the back to the burden and makes it possible for us to be benefited by the trials that come to us.

This seems like an old-fashioned and perhaps, to some people, an out-of-date way of putting things, but it is not difficult to find expressions even in the mouths of modern scientists, who have very little leaning toward religion, which serve to show that it represents a great truth. Huxley, the inventor of the term agnostic which was meant to indicate that he did not think that we knew enough about the Almighty or the hereafter to let our knowledge influence our conduct deeply, once declared that if an Infinite Being had wanted to produce a state of affairs that would try human beings to the limit of their capacity to stand suffering, He would have created, at least He could not have done better than create, the condition of affairs in the midst of which men find themselves at the present time.

IT is perfectly useless to hope that we can get through life without suffering and hardships. Trials of mind and heart and soul that must be faced and gone through with, whole heartedly, are sure to come and must be borne for the sake of the good effect that they produce on us. The old Stoic philosophers used to say, "God does not care what happens to mortals," but they used to add, "though He cares a very great deal how mortals react to what happens to them." These are the Stoics, however, who believe in a God Who tried but did not love His creation and they knew that the easiest way to lessen the suffering inevitably associated with life is to face it bravely and without flinching. Christians who know by intimate experiences as well as by religious teachings and the inspiration of Scripture that there is a God of love can face their trials with ever so much more confidence and courage than others, and this very fact lessens the severity of their trials and makes them easier to bear than would otherwise have been the case.

People who say and mean the words, "Our Father Who art in Heaven" and then are ready to add with complete confidence "Thy will be done" are ever so much more capable of standing the sufferings inevitable in life and not breaking down under them than are others who have no such internal resource and no firm support in their confidence in a Supreme Being Who chastises those He loves but Who provides the strength to bear His chastisements and adds over and above a consolation in the midst of suffering that strengthens the heart and makes the sufferings themselves ever so much easier to bear.

Lest it should be thought that this is the expres-

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sion only of one who is more interested in religion than in medicine, it may be well to quote the expression of a physician very well known in his day, and that not long ago, who represented a particular school of neurologists in this country well known for their contributions to our knowledge of nervous diseases. This was Dr. John K. Mitchell of Philadelphia, the son of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell the greatest of American neurologists, and who undoubtedly was reëchoing his father's thought in the matter as well as that of the Philadelphia school of neurologists to which his father lent such distinction. Dr. John K. Mitchell said: "It is certainly true that considering as examples two such separated forms of belief as the orthodox Jews and the strict Roman Catholics, one does not see as many patients from them as might be expected from their numbers, especially when it is remembered that the Jews as a whole are a very nervous people and that the Roman Catholic religion includes in this country among its members numbers of the most emotional race in the world."

**T**HERE is a tradition that religion increases the tendency to mental depression and nervous disease but this tradition is contradicted by the experience of those who have had most to do with these special classes of patients. St. Teresa once said, "Depression is a form of selfishness." Undoubtedly a great many people who think too much about themselves in both senses of that expression as being over-conceited as well as over-self-conscious, are likely to be depressed and to look for sympathy and indulge in self-pity.

Indeed just exactly the opposite is true and the less of religious belief there is the greater is the tendency to nervous diseases of all kinds. That is the reason why we have so many cases of "nerves" in our day. There are comparatively few people who say every day from their hearts, "Thy will be done." Those who can say that and mean it are ready for whatever happens and do not add to their troubles by worrying and to their trials by solicitude. Somehow, some way the Lord will take care of us. His will will be accomplished anyhow; but to submit to it by anticipation takes away most of the complications that add so largely to the symptoms and make them ever so much more difficult to bear.

**T**HE decay of religion in our time is the principal reason for the increase of nervous affections. With that decrease have gone certain unfortunate concurrent conditions that have made for weakening of resistive power to disease and of nervous over-reaction to the trials of existence.

Most people take ever so much less exercise than they ought to take. That exercise ought to be taken in the open air. People who exercise freely in the open air can stand the pains and aches that are bound to occur in the body at times ever so much better than those who live the indoor life and who take every means possible to avoid having to exercise their muscles.

Men used to walk to business and then back home for lunch, once more to business and back home again or when they went out to lunch they had to travel some distance to get it, and now they step around a corner or perhaps stay in their offices and have a tray brought into them, having ridden to their offices in their autos and going back home again in them. Women folk have their autos drive to the door and take them wherever they are going; they do not have to walk to the corner to take the car or to the station to take the elevated, and a walk of a mile would seem to many of them entirely too much to ask.

Every human being ought to walk at least five miles a day or take exercise the equivalent of that in the open air. To crowd all the exercise of the week into a few hours on Saturday afternoon, even with some additional hours on Sunday, does not suffice to keep the body in good condition and to keep the nervous system up to its proper function. There must be daily exercise of a considerable amount in the open, even though conditions may be stormy, unless they are extreme.

**I**T is particularly important for women to take exercise regularly in the open, and modern life is making it more and more difficult for them to do that. Women who were mothers of families used to have to go out to market every day and they had to go shopping for clothes not only for themselves but also for the children and this involved very often walking from store to store until three or more miles were made almost without realizing it. The modern woman who lives in an apartment hotel, however, has her breakfast sent up to her room, stays in bed and reads until well on in the morning, gets ready rather lackadaisically for lunch, has a bridge party or a matinee in the afternoon, has dinner and goes out for the evening with her husband always in an auto or a taxi, has so little physical exercise that it is no wonder that she gets on her own nerves and develops nervous symptoms of many kinds which have to be treated by all sorts of novel methods that have an appeal to her mind and keep her from thinking too much about herself.

They become the devotees particularly of the new fangled cults, the so-called healing religions,

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of which we are said to have more than a hundred in this country at present. They have an appeal particularly not to the ignorant or at least not to the uneducated, but to those who have had the advantage even of the higher education in this country. Massachusetts used to have the most of them but now California has taken away the palm in this matter from Massachusetts. No wonder that an English visitor to this country declared not long since that "we have the most variegated menagerie of cults and healing religions to be found anywhere." The less people have to do, the more opportunity they have to think about themselves—as is illustrated particularly by the case of the people who go to California to live on their incomes and enjoy the climate there,—the more easily they are brought into a state in which they are ready to fall into the hands of "the fads and freaks and fakes" supported by women of a certain age suffering from suppressed religion.

WE must not forget that we are making our own nervous diseases. We have given up the greatest protection against nerves, at least a great many have,—belief in an over-ruling Providence and the readiness to say with childlike confidence "Thy will be done." We have tried to be our own providence and to make things easy for ourselves and to live a nice pleasant life and when trials and pains and aches, inevitable so long as we carry "the body of this death with us," intrude themselves on our well-laid plan, we give in and nervous affections are the consequence. The old poet said "The best laid schemes of mice and men oft gang a glee," and this is what has happened. Without Providence to fall back on people suffer ever so much more than there is any good reason for and the result is to be seen in the life around us at the present time. Less thought about oneself and more trust in God will undoubtedly cure a great many cases of "nervous" disorders.

## There's Something in Tones

THERE are many qualifications for success in business life that are very seldom mentioned or considered.

"I miss the friendly voice of the operator who used to answer my calls," said a business man lately to the manager of a telephone exchange. "I haven't any fault to find with her successor. She seems to be just as prompt and accurate in setting up connections, but there's something missing. I stopped to think what it was, and I believe I've got the answer. The first girl was eager to help, and her tone of voice conveyed that fact. The second girl is mechanically willing. When I pick up my telephone and she answers, I get what I call automatic courtesy. But she doesn't enthuse—that's the difference.

"The first girl's response to my call had a magnetism, a cheerfulness, a ring of eager helpfulness to it. It was a tonic to hear its tones in the midst of perplexing affairs. I think I was always conscious of its friendly interest and enthusiasm, but I never realized its value until I missed it. No; I've no fault to find with her successor, but I can't think of anything that would give me more pleasure than to take my telephone off the hook and hear that singing voice with the rising inflexion, greet me with 'Number, please?'"

Isn't that a surprising way for a matter-of-fact business man to talk? Of course, a friendly voice won't make up for carelessness and inefficiency, but when it is added to promptness and accuracy, it counts wonderfully. And the telephone switchboard isn't the only place where the willing spirit behind a friendly voice can demonstrate its power and helpfulness.

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It is incongruous when a girl, who is taking singing or piano lessons, in the hope of adding something to the world's music, speaks in a complaining, fretful voice which sets the nerves on edge. If you cannot sing a note, if you never learn to play a scale, speak in the cheery, sweet tones which make the best of music. It is only the voice with a smile that wins!

Father Faber originated a very true and a mighty happy phrase when he wrote of "the music of Kind Words." Perhaps nothing so clearly and quickly conveys the sweetness or the bitterness of our disposition as the tones of our voice. And, unfortunately, many have the disagreeable habit of directing their sharpest tones to the members of their own families, the very ones whom they really love best and for whom they would unhesitatingly do and suffer most! Watch your tones!



# The Romance of Petit Lac

How Louis Moret Found Himself

By THERESA FAIRFIELD



AS she went back and forth about her household duties, Marie-Rose cast an occasional glance at the form of her aged mother, bent over in a chair by the fire, —a combination affair which occupied the center of the room, and served both as furnace and cook-stove. There was a far-away look in the old lady's eyes, and her lips were moving silently.

"Still praying for that good-for-nothing," the younger woman muttered.

The old lady straightened, "Did you speak, Marie-Rose?"

"Non, non, it is nothing. Ah!—but it is cold to-day!" She put a heap of coals in the furnace. "There, that will be better."

The old lady's eyes followed her, "It is not well to call Louis a good-for-nothing, my Marie-Rose. What wrong have you ever known of him?"

Marie-Rose scowled, but was silent.

"Nothing bad at all,—never anything bad," the old lady insisted gently. "You do ill to speak so of your brother."

Marie-Rose stopped before her. "Nothing wrong," she repeated, "nothing at all wrong! And it is well, *sa mère*, that he ran away from you, and that for ten years he has not come back, nor ever sent one word? Not one word!" She pounded her broom on the floor.

"*Sa mère*" looked at her quietly, "There was a reason. There must have been a reason. He was always a good boy. And he will come back. I know he will come back." Her voice trailed off, the far-away look came into her eyes again, and her lips moved silently.

Marie-Rose's lips compressed as if she would burst with what she wished to say. She fell violently to sweeping the long, striped, rag *catalonnes*, which covered the worn, unvarnished floor in strips.

These arguments were of common occurrence, always over the same subject, and almost in the same words. In the same manner also, they always ended—"He will come back. I know he will come back."

\* \* \* \* \*

PÈRE BEAULIN sprang from his sleigh, wound the reins about the whip-holder, threw an old fur robe on the horse's back, and made

his way quickly into the small railroad station. It was extremely cold weather, one of those dry, crisp 25-below zero days of which there are so many in the Province of Quebec winters.

The station-master, who was also express-agent, baggage-master and telegraph operator, turned and rose on seeing who his caller was.

"Ah, it is you, *Monsieur le Curé*. I am glad. It is not often that you drive down here."

"*Bonjour, bonjour*, Maxim. Non it is not often. My business seldom takes me so far afield. To-day it is a package I am expecting by express. It is long overdue. As it is important, I am somewhat anxious about it."

"I do not remember anything coming in your name, but I shall look again and make sure."

He disappeared into a smaller room, and returned in a few minutes shivering, and closing the door quickly behind him.

"*Tonnerre*, it is cold, that is sure. There is no box for you, *Monsieur le Curé*, I tell you what I can do. As soon as it comes, I shall send you word. Will that be all-right?"

"*Mais oui, mais oui*, Maxim. That will be very well. I thank you indeed."

"Nothing at all, *M. le Curé*. Ah, *tiens*, here comes that freight-train. And late enough too."

He pulled on his heavy fur coat and cap, and went out to the platform. Père Beaulin followed him.

THE long train rumbled along slowly, and creakingly came to a stop. Two men jumped down and ran toward Maxim. At their first words Père Beaulin listened attentively. They had picked up a man in the snow by the roadside, a great distance back, more dead than alive, apparently freezing. There was nothing they could do to revive him, and they did not dare to take him along any farther. Did Maxim think someone in the village might take him in and care for him? They were late already.

Maxim was excited and confused. Why yes, he supposed they could. He didn't just know who—but—, Père Beaulin broke in—"*Bien oui, bien oui*, leave him of course. We shall easily find a place."

In a very short time they had brought the unconscious man into the station, and placed him on

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piles of old clothing near the large furnace. The train pulled out, and the two men busied themselves in trying to restore life in the inanimate figure. After a long time, the fingers seemed to grow slightly less chilled. They worked all the harder. Their exertions were finally rewarded. The man opened his eyes, and although he lapsed into a stupor again, they knew the danger was over.

As the man opened his eyes, Père Beaulin gave a violent start. Fortunately, Maxim was busy and did not notice.

"Can it be possible?" murmured the old priest to himself. Then to Maxim. "I think the danger is over now. He is able to endure the journey. I shall bring him myself to Trois-Côtes with me. My sister is very good in caring for the sick. I shall be surer that he is well cared-for."

"*Bien, M. le Curé*, that is very good. I assure you, I am glad he will be in your hands. But it is a long drive."

"He has pulled through now. We shall wait awhile. After he has had something warm to eat and drink, he will be stronger. I shall dress him well. And now, Maxim, I am going to ask you to make a promise. It is strange, and you will not understand, but you will know that I have a reason. You will not speak in the village of this matter?"

"I do not understand, *M. le Curé*, but I know you must have a good reason, and it shall be as you wish."

"Good! I know you will keep your word."

PÈRE BEAULIN sat in the bed-room reserved for guests in his *presbytère*, watching the figure on the bed. He should be waking soon now. They had made the patient comfortable, and he had slept for many hours. Once or twice he opened his eyes and looked before him, but closed them again as if the effort tired him. Finally he began to look about the room, and his gaze rested on the form of the old priest. Dully at first, then with interest, followed with bewilderment.

"Who are you?"—the voice was weak and somewhat harsh. "How did I get here anyhow?"

"Louis, Louis, my poor little Louis!"

The head on the pillow moved forward suspiciously. "How do you know my name? Who told you?"

"Louis Moret, don't you remember Père Beaulin,—your old Curé,—don't you remember? Don't you remember walking to catechism from Petit-lac to Trois-Côtes in the snow, and being the head of the class always? I was proud of you, Louis! Surely you remember. It is not so very many years ago."

There was no answer, the man's face was turned to the wall.

The priest began in a gentle voice to explain the circumstances under which he had found him, and how he came to be in Trois-Côtes, in the *presbytère*. Now and then he paused, but there was no sound from the figure in the corner. When he had finished, there was still no answer. He thought perhaps his listener had lapsed into unconsciousness again, when the sound of deep sobbing reached his ears. He drew his chair nearer the bed, and put his hand on the young man's arm.

With the skill and loving patience of a mother, he drew from him the whole pitiful story. The leaving the farm to go to the city for bigger opportunities, the hard work, the discouragement, the meeting of new friends, the drinking parties, and finally the slavery to alcohol.

"It was not that I liked it at first. It is not so in our family, as you know. But the boys would go out for a good time, and liquor was part of the fun. Now it has become stronger than I. I cannot do without it."

"You can, Louis, and you will. Now that we have found you, you are going to stay with us. Your poor old mother need never know what you have been in the city. Live right, from now on, and make her last years happy."

"You do not understand such things, *M. le Curé*. Of course you would speak like that. It is your trade."

"Louis, Louis, you would not have spoken to me in this manner ten years ago."

"Pardon, *M. le Curé*, I have forgotten many things. . . . But this I know, that it is best I should go back as soon as I am able, without anyone being the wiser."

The good old priest changed suddenly into the man of authority. He rose quickly from his chair. "And I tell you, no! You shall do as I have said." Then his tone softened, "and you shall wish to do it also, my Louis. Listen!"

FOR a long time he talked quietly, but forcibly. All the tender memories of the boy's youth were brought before him, then the sorrow of his mother at his absence, finally an urgent and earnest appeal to his better self. The patient listened in silence.

"It will be as you say, *M. le Curé*. Many a time I have wished to come back, but I was afraid and I am still afraid. I can promise nothing. Much less would it break the mother's heart to have me away than to see me a drunkard."

"*Bon*, my son, it is good, you will stay. And you will see that you are *not* a drunkard."

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NOT many days later, a tall, well-dressed young man of good appearance arrived in the village of Petit-Lac. He made his way toward the little white farm-house of old Madame Moret. Many faces were peering through the windows, and in a very short time, the news had spread through the countryside that Louis Moret had come back. Old friends flocked in to greet the newcomer and to congratulate the old lady. Much talk and many comments there were, but the old mother, through her happy tears, had but one thing to say: "He has come back,—I knew he would come back!"

There were many fine parties in Petit-Lac that winter, in honor of Louis. Sleighing parties, on which all the young folk went, bundled up in furs, their merry laughter in tune with the musical ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling of the sleigh-bells. Fireside parties, at which young and old gathered about the great fires, told stories, sang old songs, popped corn and made molasses candy. When the tales were being told, and it came to Louis' turn, he would tell them of the wonders of the city. They were all attention, and listened, engrossed in the glittering descriptions. But while they marveled, they envied not.

"Yes, it must be very beautiful and grand and rich. All the same, I would not live there for twenty farms. The papers are full of robberies and murders every day. Why a man is not safe walking on the street in the city. The country is better to live in," some old man would say, and all the company murmured in agreement with him. Even Louis, although he was amused at their ignorance of city ways, was beginning to think that "the country was better to live in." The life of the farm was hard indeed, as well he knew, and it was a temptation, which he had not resisted, to seek one's fortune in the golden city. How little fortune, and how much misery, one could find, he knew also, to his deep regret. And where in the city could be seen a sweet, lovely girl like Yvonne Dorle?

LITTLE Yvonne was practically a child when Louis had left Petit-Lac so many years ago. Now she was a young lady. The prettiest in the village, without question, with a beauty that strangely blended delicacy with robust strength. Another advantage she possessed over the other maidens was that she had attended a Convent "for a whole year" in a near-by town. But then of course, old Dorle was "rich," and could afford it. She had absorbed much in her short space of culture. To have seen her at the piano, or embroidering some bit of work, one would never have dreamed

that she was the mistress of their motherless household, that she cooked and tended for her father and "the hands," and managed everything with quiet skill, in a capable way that evoked the admiration of the whole village. Many well-to-do young farmers came to sit in her father's kitchen in the evening, and many were the horses hitched before old Dorle's door at one time. But Yvonne laughed at the suitors and would have none of them. She had too much to do, she said.

Louis had heard all this. He wondered, if he were to try for her favor, whether she would laugh at him too. Perhaps not. She was always nice to him at the parties. Of course, it was her way to be nice to everyone. But, somehow this seemed a little different. At any rate, if she did not laugh at him, she would scorn him,—had she known what he was in the city. He would have to be a cad anyhow, to try to win a sweet girl like that, he who had been a drunkard, yes—and might be again! True, he had kept away from drink since his return to the village, but who knew how long he could keep this up? No! Such a marriage was not for him. He would stay on as long as he could, and play his part. Then he would disappear again.

And so Louis fooled himself. He did not know how his voice softened when he was with Yvonne, how he saw none but her in a crowded room, how his smile for her was different, as indeed was Yvonne's smile when it rested on Louis. They did not realize this, but all the rest of Petit-Lac did, and nodded and gave its approval on the match.

OLD Madame Moret was slowly going out of life. Happy, contented, with Louis always at her side, she watched him, as Spring came on, gradually take on the management of the farm. Her reason for staying longer seemed gone. Her desire was accomplished. One beautiful afternoon, when the strong, warm sun was urging nature into renewed life, she said to him: "Louis, I am so happy that you have decided to stay here. I shall die happy."

Louis gave a start. He had not said he would stay. But he could not say that to the frail little body before him. And besides, did he want to go now? Could he go? There was Yvonne, Yvonne!

His mother seemed to read his thoughts. "And" she hesitated, "Yvonne—"

He bowed his head.

"I love her, *sa mère*."

She stroked his hair gently, and her lips moved silently.

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NOT long after that, *sa mère* was laid to rest. One of the last things she had said was, as she looked into space, "You brought him back—I knew You would bring him back."

Louis stayed on the farm with Marie-Rose. Life was new and full of interest. No longer was farm work irksome and monotonous. Every day was a promise, and held fresh opportunity and happiness for the future. He no longer thought of his old enemy and master, drink. Perhaps, unconsciously, he reasoned that since he had been free of its lure so long, he need fear it no more. All his thoughts were now of the future, when he should have so worked and established himself in the village, that he could come to Yvonne as an earnest suitor. The future was to be sober, secure, and wonderfully happy.

He sang as he followed the plough, and sang as he sowed his grain, sang as the tender green shoots came out of the ground, as they grew tall, then golden, and it was harvest time.

Louis felt that all was going so well, he would be justified in procuring for his place some up-to-date-machinery, such as the more prosperous farmers about Petit-Lac possessed. He knew of a firm in the city that made a harvester just such as he wished. He decided to go and look it over.

The evening before he started, having some business with Monsieur Dorle, he sought him out. As he cut through the fields, he saw Yvonne standing at some distance, shading her eyes from the sun.

She was dressed in the plain little gown and apron in which she worked, and had wound a sort of kerchief about her head. She neither saw nor heard him coming. As he approached, the tones of the Angelus bell rang out on the sweet, quiet air. Immediately, Yvonne clasped her hands and bent her head. How lovely she was in her simple reverence and piety! She typified the life of the village at its best. Simple goodness, sincere faith, and wholesome strength. Louis stopped, removed the wide straw hat he was wearing, and bent his head also.

After the last stroke of the church bell had died on the air, Yvonne looked up and saw him. There was a shining welcome in the deep, quiet eyes. His business with the old gentleman was soon completed, and they walked home together towards the beauty of the setting sun.

\* \* \* \* \*

LOUIS' affairs went to his satisfaction in the city. He soon found the harvester adapted to his needs, and so had leisure to stroll about a little before train time.

It would be hard to tell which was more surprised at seeing the other, Louis or his one-time crony, Jacques. Since Louis had taken up his new life, he had completely blotted out the old. It seemed as though he believed all those who shared that former existence with him were dead. And indeed, he did gaze in horror at Jacques as if he were seeing a ghost. Jacques, on the contrary, welcomed him with open arms. Just then two more of their old crowd came out of the shop from which Jacques had emerged, and hailed him with joyous cries. Before Louis could extricate himself, they had dragged him along to a near-by bar-room, to celebrate their having found him at last. Louis longed for the moment that he might break away. But this was no easy matter. His erstwhile friends showed no disposition to leave him so soon, and were most curious as to his manner of living since he had left them. He did not dare arouse their suspicious anger by not drinking, so one treat followed hard upon another. His evasive answers to their questions made them all the more curious, and Jacques who was always quarrelsome in his cups, sensing that Louis had now "reformed," and escaped his influence, loudly voiced his drunken ridicule and resentment. As usual, the others followed his lead. Louis, wishing to get away at all costs, lost his head and antagonized the trio. There followed a brawl, and in a short time, a fight which was earnest and furious. In the midst of it, Louis saw Pierrot go down under a heavy blow struck by Louis himself. Then came his turn, and a hard fist sent him into oblivion.

When he regained consciousness, he was in a dirty, ill-kept room, and his boon companions of old were still with him,—all but Pierrot. Pierrot, they told him, had been very seriously hurt by Louis, and was now in a hospital. Louis, they advised, had better lie low while waiting to see how things would turn out. The next few days were spent in an agony of fear. His thoughts were fixed on the horror of his position that he hardly realized the habit of drinking was again growing upon him.

WHEN Pierrot appeared on the scene, slightly the worse for wear, the old enemy had done its work. Discouraged and ashamed, Louis hardly dared think of Petit-Lac and Yvonne again. His companions were highly disappointed at finding him dull and morose. The gay, high-spirited lad of other days was gone. They soon discarded him and his gloomy ways. He found himself drifting along, shabby, doing odd jobs, often penniless, and always drinking. The day came



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when he was also shelterless. Sleepless nights in the damp air, and lack of food, did not improve his condition nor his appearance.

HE was walking the streets one day in a listless, shambling fashion. It was bitter cold and a raw, late autumn wind was blowing. How he wished he might go in somewhere and find shelter. What a lot of doors there were; all closed to him and his kind. The policemen looked at him suspiciously. The saloons had turned him out. There was nothing to do but trudge on. Even the wind whistled sharply as he turned a corner, and pushed him along more rudely than it did the others on the street. He stopped, panting and shivering, before a large handsome building. He recognized it as the city library. What it was like inside, he did not know. If only he dared go in. A figure slouched past him and shuffled through the portal. It was a tall, gaunt man, scarcely less disreputable-looking than he. Louis decided to try his luck too. He watched the door for some time, but the man did not return. Taking courage, he looked about him, and stealthily walked in.

Here was warmth at last, and a place to sit down, if one had the necessary boldness. He drifted from one reading-room to another, not daring to sit by these respectable, neatly-dressed people, all so intent on their books. A small room to his right seemed unoccupied. On entering it, he saw that the walls were covered with pictures. It was an Art exhibit. Copies of the masters. Louis did not know this. He went from one picture to another without a spark of interest. They meant little to him, standing sudden before them. Then, in one moment, Louis' worn frame became electrified. Something like a current shook him from head to foot. Before him was a large picture of Millet's "*Angelus*". He passed his hand quickly, dazedly, over his eyes. . . . were they playing tricks on him? No, it was still there. He scanned it eagerly. There, there was Yvonne! Yvonne as he had seen her that last evening in the field at Petit-Lac, only Yvonne was more beautiful. There she was, the plain dress and apron, the kerchief about her hair, her head cast down in prayer. And that young man standing beside her, hat in hand, who was he? Was it he, Louis? That strong, vigorous, respected youth, who had worked the soil on his own land, who had loved Yvonne Dorle and had been smiled upon. . . . was it *he*? That rugged man in the picture and this poor, half-starved, trembling caricature that stood before it, were they the same? Had he, Louis Moret, the cowering outcast, once been Louis Moret the forceful, self-reliant land-owner?

Shame overwhelmed him. Then the flame of hope, very small at first, leaped in his heart, as he gazed, fascinated, at the picture. What a man had once been, could he not be again, *if he so willed*? Was it too late? His heart sank at the thought. Vibrantly on the air, through a slightly open window, came the deep tones of the Cathedral bell tolling the *Angelus*. Louis pulled off his dirty, battered cap and slowly bent his head. His body stiffened with resolve, the hopeless lines left his face. It was transformed by faith and courage. Stronger and stronger, with each stroke of the bell, the conviction was hammered into his soul that his enemy was conquered forever. He walked out of the edifice, his head erect, and confidence in his step.

THE good fight was fought, inch by inch, in the city, and on the very ground that the battle had been lost. The victory was complete and thorough, without the shadow of a doubt.

Again, well-dressed and with prosperous air, Louis appeared in Petit-Lac. This time he went directly to the home of old Monsieur Dorle. To Yvonne he told his story, simply and honestly, without alteration or omission. She was to sit in judgement, and whatever she decided would be right. Whether his life was to be one of happiness with her, or one of loneliness without her, it would at any rate be a life of honor and sobriety. His happiness lay in her hands, but he knew he had no right to ask it.

At the end of his confession, Yvonne's hand rested on his head, as had his mother's on that after-noon in the spring sunshine,—it seemed so long ago.

"Every day, at the sound of the *Angelus*, I prayed for you, Louis. You have conquered your enemy, and I am not afraid to trust you."

The village was curious, of course, but surmise as it would, it never knew what had happened. What they did know, was that Yvonne and Louis had a fine wedding, that Louis was a splendid farmer and a very good husband, and that altogether it was a very happy *ménage*. Among their treasured possessions, in a place of honor in their little home, is a fine copy of Millet's *Angelus*, purchased in the city by Monsieur Moret, at a very high price, the neighbors say.

When the children became old enough, Louis would gather them around the fire on wintry nights, and tell them a legend of the man who was saved from the wolves at the sound of the *Angelus* bell. There is a great deal in the tale also, about a lovely princess, who prayed for the man. It is the children's favorite story.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communication of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

# THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS  
AND  
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

## A MARRIAGE QUESTION

A Protestant divorced man marries a Catholic lady before a priest. He does not reveal about his divorce as his first wife is married again. What must be done to have the marriage made valid in the Catholic Church? He was baptized when a boy, as he recollects, but no record can be found.—F., New York.

If the first marriage of the divorced man was valid, the second marriage, even though performed before a priest, is invalid on account of the invalidating impediment of previous marriage. Likewise, if the first marriage was valid, then, unless the Pauline privilege can be invoked, nothing can be done until the death of the man's first wife.

However, the question is much too intricate to be settled at once. Many circumstances, which must necessarily be known before a definite judgment can be pronounced, are not mentioned: for instance, Was the man's first wife baptized? Of what Protestant sect is he a member? (The ministers of some sects do not baptize validly.) Was his first marriage contracted before or after May, 19, 1918?

This case must be taken to the bishop; and until the doubt as to the validity or invalidity of the first marriage is settled, the man and woman cannot live together as man and wife. If the first marriage is found to have been valid, the bishop will decide whether the man can or cannot use the Pauline privilege: if the marriage is found to have been invalid, the bishop will decide whether the second marriage must or must not be convalidated, because it, too, may have been null, even in this case, on account of the probable lack of marital consent on the part of the man.

The parties concerned should immediately bring their case to the attention of the bishop, and for this they should at once consult the pastor of their parish, or the woman should consult her confessor.

## ANOTHER MARRIAGE QUESTION

I read in the April issue of THE SIGN an interesting question which reads thus: "A Catholic girl married a non-Catholic by a magistrate; it was gone over in the priest's house, etc." What I would like to know is this: Does "it was gone over in the priest's house" mean that they were re-married in the priest's house or was it just talked over?—A. A. R., New York.

"It was gone over in the priest's house" meant, in the case referred to, that the couple were re-married or, more properly, married for the first time. Since April 19, 1908, marriages of two Catholics or of a Catholic with a non-Catholic must be performed by (1) the bishop of the diocese, or (2) the pastor of the parish, or (3) a priest whom either the bishop or the pastor shall delegate for that purpose. If a Catholic marriage or a mixed marriage is not contracted in this way, it is—except in very extraordinary cases—invalid. All such marriages must be submitted to proper authorities. However, if one of the couple is willing but the other absolutely refuses to be married, even

by a procurator, in the Catholic manner, the Church, out of consideration for the consort who is willing, grants what is called a "sanation" or "healing" in the root. In regard to the above, let the parties interested consult their pastor or confessor.

## SAINT LEONELLA

Do you know if there is a Saint Leonella? B. N., Rock Island, Ill.

There is a Saint Leonella. She was the grandmother of Saints Speussippus, Eleusippus, and Melopsippus. Together with them she was martyred at Langres during the persecution of Marcus Aurelius: nothing further is known of her. Her feast is observed on January 17.

## "MISSION" PLAYS

Please publish information concerning the writing, in contest, of a "mission" play of which mention was made in the April SIGN, page 355.—E. Q., Long Island City, N. Y.

The contest to which our correspondent alludes is being conducted by the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. The requirements for entrance in the contest are simple: any play submitted must be a "mission" play, i.e. a play dealing in some way with the missions either home or foreign. No definite length is prescribed; nor is any type of drama excluded. Hence the play may be long or short; it may be a tragedy, comedy, opera, operetta, etc: it must however be missionary in some way. The manuscripts must be typewritten, on one side of the paper, with numbered sheets; all manuscripts must be submitted to the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, Crusade Castle, Cincinnati, Ohio, before October 1, 1924. The prizes, the first of \$200.00, the second of \$100.00, will be presented to the authors of the two plays that best combine dramatic technique with missionary appeal.

## FORBIDDEN BOOKS

Is there an Index of Forbidden Books? If so, where is it kept, and where can a copy be obtained? Is "Main Street" on it?—R. A., Toledo, O.

There is an Index of Forbidden Books. It is published under the title "Index Librorum Prohibitorum" by the Vatican Press, Rome. A copy can be obtained for \$4.00. Excerpts from the Index have been compiled (in English) by Rev. Francis F. Betten, S. J. It is published by B. Herder Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price \$0.75.

The books listed on the Index are those that are subversive of Faith and Morals. It is very plain that not every book of such a character is listed. This is especially true of books against Morals. There are so many of them constantly issuing from the press that it would be an almost impossible task to keep track of them. Every decent man and woman, no

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matter what their religion, will have their own list of forbidden books. "Main Street" is not listed on the Index. But this does not mean that it may not be forbidden.

### INDEX AND CANON LAW

Is it possible to obtain a copy of the Canon Law and the Index?—W. M. A., Phila., Pa.

As to Index see answer to above question. The "Codex Juris Canonici" may be obtained in two editions. Edition without foot-notes sells for \$2.50; with foot-notes, for \$3.50. A commentary in English (one volume) by Rev. Stanislaus Woywod, O.F.M., costs \$4.50. Another commentary in English (eight volumes) by Rev. Charles Augustine, O.S.B. sells for \$20.00. Above books may be procured through THE SIGN.

### ERNEST OLDMEADOW

Will you kindly tell me if Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow is a Catholic, and where I can procure a copy of his novel "Antonio"?

Mr. Oldmeadow is a convert to Catholicism. Before his conversion he was an Anglican minister. He is at present Editor of "The Tablet" (London). "Antonio" was published by the Century Co., New York. Unfortunately it is out of print. We hope that the publishers will get out a new edition.

### BOBBED HAIR AND VANITY

Is it a sin of real vanity for a girl to have her hair bobbed?—A. A. Mc., Buffalo, N. Y.

It is perfectly right for girls (from six to sixty) to use means to improve their appearance and to add to their attractiveness. (It seems that the male of the species has received an adequacy of attractions from nature.) It is no sin to have one's hair bobbed. What its merits are as a beautifier, we don't know. A news item tells us that a young girl committed suicide when she saw how she looked with her hair bobbed. Our questioner is reminded that there are other charms—those of character—more persuasive than the artificialities of hair, paint and powder.

### PHASES OF MISSIONARY ZEAL

EDITOR, THE SIGN:

I am writing to you for two reasons; the first is to congratulate you on the article in THE SIGN pertaining to these bogus solicitors going through the different parishes. I have been stung many times, but that wouldn't deter me in the least from giving the next one the benefit of the doubt. But it does make it look bad for the Religious Orders or Communities that these men pretend to represent. I have had occasion to write to at least five different Communities and explain these conditions here in Atlantic City. I have told them it seems to me these unscrupulous publishers are the ones to go for, so you see your article will reach many homes where this condition exists throughout the country.

Another thing I think fine are the articles pertaining to the colored people in this country. I am deeply interested in a Catholic Colored Mission here in Atlantic City. An old colored woman who has since died started this mission about six years ago. The mission has had about one hundred and twenty five members and for two winters we three white women taught about sixty colored children each Sunday afternoon. A priest here in Atlantic City is spiritual director: but not all priests can be missionaries and make allowances for the failings of the colored people. We have worked here for six years but somehow we

seem to be going back: please say a prayer that the Bishop may soon see his way clear to send "Saint Monica's Colored Mission" a priest of their own.

About twenty four years ago, my husband and I called at Mount Oliver, Pittsburg, for Vespers. Father M. was in charge at that time. We hadn't been married long as yet, and Mr. W. was a Protestant. Good Father M. asked my husband if he would like to be shown through the Monastery. He called Father A. who, as I remember, was so full of enthusiasm and piety. Father A. told my husband he would remember him during the Mass, that he might receive the gift of Faith. We have often wondered if he is still living, and it occurred to me he might care to know that my husband is now a Catholic; he hasn't missed Mass but twice in twenty four years. I always feel his meeting with Father A. at the opportune time, is what brought him into the Church. It is fine to know, as we go along in life, that we have, or are accomplishing good in unexpected ways or places, isn't it?

Mrs. I. W., Atlantic City, N. J.

It may interest our correspondent to learn that there has recently been established in Bay St. Louis, Miss., St. Augustine's Mission House in which colored candidates for the holy priesthood are to be trained and educated for work on the Negro missions. We are glad to say that a Passionist Father has founded and is in charge of Holy Cross Church for Negroes in Corpus Christi, Texas. He is the Rev. Mark Moeslein, C. P. He has had wonderful success in his missions and would have still greater were his means not so very limited.—Editors.

### THE HOME MISSIONS

EDITOR, THE SIGN:

While I am perfectly in accord with the good work being done in China, I am going, with your indulgence, to quote from a letter received from a friend of mine in Mississippi this year:

"Mississippi has very few Catholics; around here there are only thirty. Our church is a very poor little old house that almost falls in on us every time we have Mass. We only have Mass the last Tuesday of the month. My mother and I and one other lady are all who can help keep up the church, the others are very poor. I don't really know how our priest lives. Of course he does not live in Mississippi, he comes up from Long Beach, thirty-nine miles from here."

This would give us a little food for thought, and while it is wonderful to convert the Chinaman, still if our Church were better known in our own beloved country, the K.K.K. and other societies which have their birth in the South would soon disappear.

Two years ago I was visiting in Lynchburg, Virginia, a city of sixty thousand people and there were only eleven hundred Catholics, and yet one would meet names, such as "Higgins" "McKenna", etc., who were not Catholics. The church was a very old one, and it took me some time to find, as many did not know that there was a Catholic church in Lynchburg.

I have known friends who while in Florida could not get to Mass but once a week, but the above are my own actual experiences.

Maybe this letter might send an inspiration to some noble missionaries to go to our own southland and make our Faith better known and better loved there.

—G. G. H., Newark, N. J.

There can be no doubt that the needs of our home missions are great and pressing. Facts quoted above are but indicative of similar conditions in many parts of the country. However, the pagans of China and other heathen countries must be given a chance. "The field is the world," says our Blessed Lord.—Editors.

# Penitent: Apostle: Founder

*The Life Story of St. Paul of the Cross*

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### The Last Year



NO doubt it was a cause of great sorrow to Father Paul, that, after the death of Clement XIV in September 1774, the end of the year came, and the beginning of the new year 1775, with the Chair of Peter still vacant. The political condition of Europe, ever more tense and difficult, the arrogance of crowned heads and of their ministers, the recent death of Louis Quinze who had said only too truly: "After me the deluge," contributed to this threatening delay. But the elements of the French Revolution, present already, were what would finally plunge the world into black disaster. Father Paul prayed earnestly that God in His mercy would provide and give the Church a worthy Head and Pastor.

On February 15, 1775, Cardinal Braschi, a saintly man, was elected, assuming the name Pius VI. Paul of the Cross appears to have known that this Cardinal, whom he had never seen and whose choice was somewhat unexpected, would be singled out for the supreme honor. And it is certain that Pius VI, who had never seen Paul of the Cross, had heard many things concerning him. Antonio Frattini, that great friend of Father Paul and of the Passionists, had been appointed administrator of the papal household, and he it was, no doubt, who informed Pius VI regarding the Saint, and who urged His Holiness to come and see him.

Nineteen days after his election, the devotion of the Forty Hours being in progress at SS. John and Paul, the new Pope came to the basilica of the martyrs to gain the indulgence. Probably, it was Frattini who had suggested calling on Father Paul. The holy founder was in bed ill, as he so frequently was now, and could not believe his senses when he was told that the Pontiff was coming up to his cell to see him. The Pope entered softly, and the aged Father was so touched and moved that he began to shed tears. "How is this," he exclaimed, "that Your Holiness deigns to come to the last and least creature on earth, a poor sinner as I am?" In utter lowliness, he removed his little

cap from his head, overcome at the thought that the Vicar of Christ was standing beside his bed, and that he could show him no reverence. Pius took the cap from the sick man's grasp, and kissed it, before replacing it affectionately on the white head. The Pope remained for some fifteen minutes, conversing affably and with the greatest kindness. He desired the venerable Father to appeal to him in all his needs, whatever they might be, and, indicating his administrator, "You have only to tell Frattini," he concluded, "and he will let me know."

NOT many days had elapsed, when Frattini returned to see Father Paul and to hear how he had enjoyed the Pontiff's visit. The sick man, with a certain anxiety, enquired after the health of His Holiness. "Oh, he is well enough, Father; but of course very busy and with so many things to worry him." The Saint lifted his eyes, fixing them upon Frattini's face. "I am called Paul of the Cross," he said, "but I am of the Cross only in name. With much greater truth could His Holiness be called Pius of the Cross! Tell him from me to stretch himself well upon the cross, for he will have to stay upon it a long time." This double prediction, of future evils and of length of reign, were both most fully verified, for the cup of the Pontiff's sorrows overflowed, and his pontificate, begun in 1775 extended on into the year 1799.

But the Saint had more to say. Even as Frattini stood beside him, the spirit of prophecy descended upon him, his eyes kindled, and he addressed himself, as to a living Presence, to the great Crucifix which hung near him on the wall. It was evident that he was beholding scenes of which the bystander knew nothing. "Ah, poor, poor Church. . . poor Catholic religion! . . . Lord, give strength to Your Vicar. . . give him courage and light, that he may do in all things that which he should do, in the fulfillment of Your holy will." Then his voice assumed a still greater force and potent intensity of expression, and he lifted and extended his arms. "Yes, I do hope it. . . Yes I do beg



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it of You!" And the warm tears coursed down his cheeks. These and similar words he repeated over and over again. Finally, by degrees, his spirit seemed to grow quiet, and at length, as if shaken, or awakening out of that slumber of sorrowful vision, he turned to Frattini, with surprise at finding him at his bedside. "Oh," he exclaimed, "are you there?"

Frattini was so deeply troubled at the clear prediction of calamities which were to overtake his august master, that he locked up the secret in his heart and would never divulge it. When in 1779, the preliminary evidence was taken for the process of Paul of the Cross, the administrator testified, and gave much valuable information, but, of the dolorous prophecy which concerned the Pontiff, he said no word. "I did not have the heart," he sadly explained. At the apostolic process in 1797, when so many terrible things had already happened, his devotion and attachment to the person of the Pontiff no longer sealed his lips, and he revealed to Pius VI himself, what Paul of the Cross had predicted so many years ago. Frattini did not know it, but Pius had not yet drained the last of his chalice. Two more years of life remained, during which he would be reviled and insulted in his own pontifical palace, and then dragged brutally over the Alps to die in exile upon alien soil.

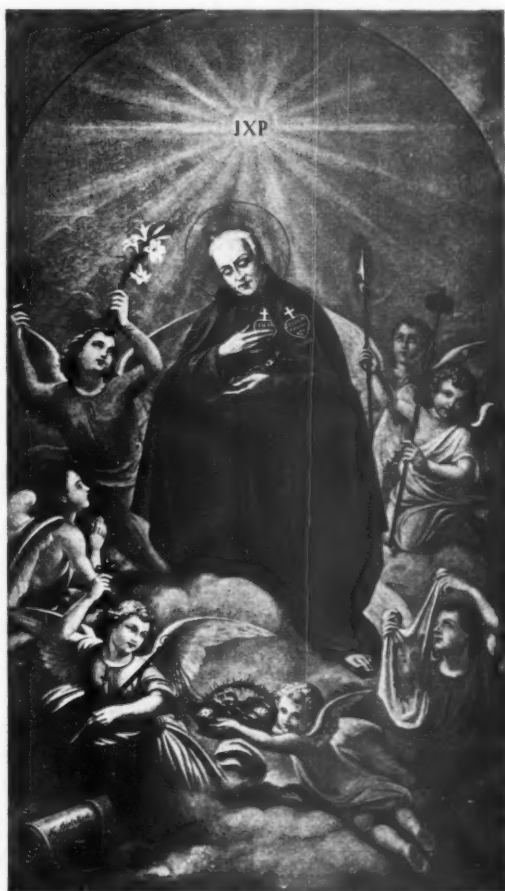
**T**HAT year, 1775, which was to be the last of the Saint's life and of which he was not to see the close, was Jubilee Year for the quarter century elapsed; and many pilgrims came from every part of the Christian world, to gain the indulgences of the *Anno Santo* in Rome. Among the groups from Upper Italy was that of the little

town of Ovada, where Paul of the Cross had birth; and these pious people made a point of calling upon their fellow-citizen who had become so famous a missionary. Father Paul was genuinely pleased to see these simple folks who had remembered that, in a sense, he belonged to them. He loved the frank, upright, hospitable race of the north, and had protested more than once, when he found himself enmeshed by double-dealing and craft: "I am a

Lombard! What we have in our hearts, that is also upon our lips. The tangle of too many affairs has almost made me lose that holy simplicity which I brought with me from my mother's womb." The men of Ovada, came into the Saint's room to greet him and to ask his blessing. A remembrance of the Mays of his childhood, when he and John Baptist made their little altars in honor of Our Blessed Lady, and when as a tender lad he came and went to school over the gentle hills covered with gay vine-yards, between Ovada and Cremolino, filled Paul of the Cross with a genial warmth upon this May morning. "You should see the huge vintage slopes of Ovada!" he exclaimed to the Religious around him, while his visitors laughed with pleasure. "They make so much wine there, that there would be enough of it to run a mill merrily for

a whole month!" But he did not forget, before they left him, to make them a short, familiar exhortation; and the whole burden of it was that they should be mindful of Christ Crucified.

**A**NOTHER Jubilee pilgrim had been to call on Father Paul. This was Rose Calabresi of Cerveteri, that young girl who, ten years earlier, had beheld Father Paul and Father John Baptist in vision, (the former being then far distant and



ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS IN GLORY

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PIUS IX WHO CANONIZED ST. PAUL

the latter deceased), coming to her assistance, when the carriage accident on the bridge near Bracciano had placed her life in peril. Rose had never seen Father Paul when, in 1775, the Jubilee brought her to Rome in April; but she had been for over ten years under his direction, and though the circumstances of her life did not permit her to enter a religious order, she was nevertheless a consecrated soul.

**R**OSE met Father Paul for the first time, in the sacristy of SS. John and Paul, in April 1775. She abode in Rome about two months, and during this time she came frequently to confer with him regarding her interior life. Father Paul, finding her most earnest and sincere, sometimes to encourage her to greater openness, related to her many extraordinary favors and graces which he himself had received. Rose thus learned many secrets which the Saint's humility had kept buried for years, and which his director alone had known; and she became a witness, with her own eyes, to raptures and ecstasies, which overtook him and removed him from the world of sense, even as he conversed with her in the quiet sacristy.

When the diocesan process for the beatification of Paul of the Cross was begun, Rose knew very well that she was in duty bound to testify; but her

whole soul revolted against speaking the intimate and sacred things which were the secret history of her own soul. Her confessor told her that she was in the strictest obligation of appearing before the examiners and of rendering witness to the sanctity of the soul she had known so well; but nothing could move her. Paul himself was obliged to appear to her and bid her reveal the secrets of the King.

**O**NE day that she was alone in her room at Cerveteri, she saw the blessed Father before her, standing in a glow of soft light, and she heard his voice, which she knew to the least inflection, chide her as though he were still a living man. "You are certainly a woman of obedience! Why do you not obey your confessor and testify in the process?" It was so like himself, that she answered candidly she did not testify because she was too much afraid of making mistakes, and of failing the truth when she was under oath. He re-assured her with his wonted serenity and kindness, and asserted that she would answer very well and would not make mistakes; and from that moment she experienced a willingness and readiness to make her deposition. She was examined in the first process before the Bishop, and again in the apostolic process in Rome, and her testimony seemed so extraordinary that, in the latter court, the examiners deliberately tried to break down her evidence and to confuse her. But in the end they were obliged to accept all her statements, and they observed with wonder in comparing the documents that in 1797 she used the identical words with which she had given testimony in 1779.

A matter of extreme regret is that, owing to her excessive secretiveness, Rose burned all the letters which she had received for her spiritual guidance. Paul of the Cross had inculcated upon her the value of hiddenness, the love of being unknown, the treasure of suffering deep-buried under silence; and she had learned her lesson only too well. She had received from him a number of letters of direction, containing treasures of wisdom, and revealing his extraordinary discernment of spirits: she valued them above gold and rubbies—and burned them all! In our own day a similar sacrifice was made by one who locked all the buried treasure of his heart in a box of rosewood, and dropped it into the swift-flowing, noiseless, unreturning tide of the great river which touches New York City and the sea.

**D**URING that month of May 1775, Paul of the Cross was to assist at one general convocation of the heads of the Congregation, assembled in Chapter for the election of a Superior

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General. It was to be the last solemn meeting at which he would be present; and he had fully made up his mind that the days of activity and of service were passed for him, and that his sons must permit him to withdraw into the shade there to prepare in retreat and silence for the coming of the Lord. Yet, feeling intuitively that the effort would be made to re-elect him, he humbly asked his confessor what he ought to do. The latter answered him that he was wholly at liberty to lay his objections before the assembled Fathers but, if they insisted, he should bow to the Will of God.

The venerable Founder prepared with great care for the council, reading over and studying the Rule which he knew so well already, and devoting much time and prayer to its examination, lest perhaps there should be something to alter or improve before, in leaving them, he should bequeath it to his sons. He desired that the assembled religious should make one final revision of the Rule, that afterwards he might leave it as though cast in bronze, a thing that no human hand should dare to touch or change again.

THE venerable man, past four score then, was borne in to this last Chapter upon his leathern chair with staves, and he made in public the confession of his faults, begging and imploring the Fathers to release him, as he was wholly unfit for office, and desired only to retire and to prepare for death in peace. His conscience demanded that his authority be transferred to other hands. But they answered him, with all affection and deference, that if their consciences permitted them to re-elect him, as they did to unanimity, he could with full assurance accept their decision. Paul of the Cross bowed his head, as so many, many times in his long life he had bowed it, but he was grieved to the soul, and his sorrow, mingled of humility and genuine compassion for the sons he loved so much, found utterance in a speech that was full of the emotions of pity and regret. "I grieve, dearest Brothers, for the misfortune which befalls you; it is a punishment for the Congregation to have for Superior again one as miserable and worthless as I am. I am going down to my grave laden with sins. But pray for my poor soul that God may have mercy on me; and, since heaven permits this, I will carry my burden until death in the service of you all and of the poor Congregation."

As they came, one after the other to kneel before him in the act of obedience and homage, he pressed each one in his arms and against his heart, and his tears fell upon them, the mute expression of his sorrow and his love. Before they separated, he

commended to them that final review of the Rule, and for hours every day he sat with them, weak, exhausted, almost unable to keep himself upright, sharing their labors, sacrificing himself to the end, as he had promised, to serve them and the Congregation of the Passion. It was this document of his last efforts that was submitted to Pius VI for examination and final approval, and some months later, on the octave of the Nativity of Mary, September 15, 1775, the Sovereign Pontiff signed the apostolic letters and the Bull which was a new and solemn confirmation of the Rule and a grant of fresh privileges for the Congregation.

WHEN this favor reached him, Paul of the Cross had already laid himself down to die. For a few weeks longer, after the Chapter General, his sons saw the wasted, etherealized presence moving among them as of wont, and he made a last supreme effort for the God of the Eucharist, his Mystery of Mysteries which he had loved with all the purity, all the passion of his soul, desiring on that last Corpus Christi day he was to spend on earth to ascend the altar of God just once more. How beautiful the warm June day, scented with flowers, when in every land that confesses Christ, processions unfold and white garments move in the breeze, and tapers and lilies



FATHER JOHN BAPTIST, ST. PAUL'S BROTHER

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borne, and the swinging of censers, surround the living miracles of the Host! In the oratory adjoining his room, the feeble, halting, tremulous man was assisted to the altar for the last time; (Christ whom he loved so much gave the grace on the feast of His Body); and the failing voice found some echo of the accents which had rung once so ringingly, sonorously sweet, as it pronounced those sacred words of the Roman liturgy: *Deus qui nobis sub Sacramento mirabili memoriam tuae Passionis reliquisti*". . . Strange that he had loved the Sacrament, the memorial of the Passion, so much, and that this prayer should have been placed upon his lips that day! Then the triumphant sequence: "*Lauda Sion Salvatorem, lauda Ducem et Pastorem, in hymnis et canticis.*" The lines almost jubilantly sing themselves. And then all those solemn words of the Bread and the Chalice at the Supper, and the corresponding words, spoken to the multitude, of the Flesh which is meat and the Blood which is drink. "The priests of the Lord offer incense and loaves to God, and therefore they shall be holy to their God, and shall not defile His Name." This was Paul of the Cross, holy to God, and he had never defiled His Name. He was very tired when he finished, but happy, and so thankful to God for all His mercies! What ardent love must have filled his soul in that last Mass!

A FEW days after, on June 26, the feast of the holy martyrs SS. John and Paul, when the basilica was all decked with blossoms, and devout people swarmed to visit the tomb of the blood-witnesses, Father Paul, in his room, was seized with a long fainting-fit which seemed to presage death. The infirmarians hastened to place him in his bed, and the entire community was filled with agitation and alarm. Yet he rallied slightly, and the peril seemed to grow less imminent; but he never rose from that bed again. For four months he was to lie there, unable even to move his own body, or to turn from one side to the other,

but wholly dependent upon the arms and services of others. He was unable to take nourishment, even in liquid form, and only a few drops of the old-fashioned drink called toast-water formed his sole sustenance. He was scarce able to speak, and a few murmured words were all that he had strength to say.

One of the religious, Father Joseph Jacinth, relates that, having entered the cell one day, he was full of sorrow at the sight of the venerable Father's sufferings; yet he saw him not only full of resignation, but full of serenity, and with a sort of brightness as though he were perfectly happy, in spite of his pitiable condition. He enquired dolorously how the Reverend Father felt, and received the answer, not in the form of complaint but merely as a statement of fact, that he thought there was no spot in him, from the crown of the head to the sole of the feet, which was without pain. "Even my eyes, my ears and my teeth ache," he concluded. The visitor, wishing to console him, rejoined: "Father, Your Reverence is called Paul of the Cross, and our blessed Lord has placed you upon the Cross with Him." The word seemed to please the venerable suf-

ferer; he did not answer it, but turned his eyes with an air of great love and gratitude toward the large Crucifix which hung near his bed, at the same time raising his clasped hands towards Jesus Crucified, in eloquent, silent invocation.

That Father Paul knew almost the exact time of his death is evident from the testimony of Rose Calabresi who witnesses under oath in the processes that Our Lady had appeared to him in vision and had told him that he would die in the coming month of October, on a Wednesday. "The vision lasted over a quarter of an hour. When it ended, Father Paul remained in ecstasy, for I saw him rise from the ground into the air in a kneeling posture, with his hands clasped, his face resplendent, to a height of about four or five feet." Surely, death could have no sting for one who had been so singularly favored!

(To be continued)



PORTRAIT BUST OF POPE CLEMENT XIV



## Our Chinese Missionaries

*(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for July, 1924)*



**O**N July 22, thirteen young Passionist priests will leave San Francisco to spend the rest of their lives in the interior of China. These missionaries will increase the personell of Passionists in the Far East to 26.

To cheer these young priests now, to pray for them now, is all very well; but remember that the greatest need of cheering them and of praying for them will be in the long years that are to come, when, like the Apostle of the Gentiles, they will be "in journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils from false brethren, in labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Those who have read the letters of our missionaries in China will realize that already every one of the above trials have been literally and repeatedly faced by the priests now over there. You may be sure that Satan is not going to allow, without a mighty struggle, the millions of pagans in Hunan to turn to the Cross of Christ. And all his hate will be directed against the missionaries.

Again, it is good to give material aid now to these young Apostles; but, once more, we must realize that the greatest need for such help will be in the years that lie ahead. These priests intend to stay in China for the remainder of their lives; and often, during the long years before them, they will have to support not only themselves but their poor people as well. Readers of *THE SIGN* will remember how the Passionists in Hunan have already been witnesses to thousands of deaths from sheer starvation. Besides, land must be bought, churches, schools, hospitals, and asylums must be built; and, finally, it is hoped that American sisters will soon be sent over to work with the Passionists in China. Many years hence, the Chinese Catholics in North Hunan may be able to support their priests in this immense work, but for some time to come, that support must come entirely from us.

Surely, we cannot be indifferent to this magnificent work that is being carried on in China. Every one of us has a place in Christ's Mystical Body, the Church, no matter how humble that place may be. Unless each one of us functions as a part of that Mystical Body, we are going to wither and die and fall away. Some few, as these young missionaries, are called upon to sacrifice all that they have and love and hold dear on earth, in the cause of Christ; but all of us, from the Holy Father down to the smallest Catholic child that has attained the use of reason, are called upon to sacrifice something.

**T**HE individual members of the Archconfraternity are not, however, expected to do anything big for our missionaries. All that we desire, and all that the missionaries hope for, is that you members, as a body, will not forget them, that, as a unit, you will stand behind them, that, every day during the coming years, you will do just a little for them, in a spiritual way by remembering them in your daily Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys and in a material way by subscribing, and, if possible, getting others to subscribe to *THE SIGN*.

Here lies the great spiritual mission of the Archconfraternity in this country, your mission—to pray and to labor with the Passionists in bringing to Christ Crucified the souls of poor sinners, particularly the souls of the pagan Chinese in North Hunan.

When our boys were fighting in France, did we cut ourselves off from them entirely? Did we forget them? Did we care not whether they lived or died, whether they succeeded or failed? Yet, these priests are our own. And they are going across the sea to fight a battle, not only against men, but against the powers of darkness for the souls for whom the Son of God gave His life. And they are never coming back. Are we going to forget them? Surely not!

The members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion are asked to pray especially during this month of July for our Chinese Missionaries.

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership in it is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. **FIRST DEGREE** Members say daily Five Our Fathers and Five Hail Marys in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ, and also make, morning and evening, an Offering of the Precious Blood. **SECOND DEGREE** Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. **THIRD DEGREE** Members make fifteen Minutes Meditation daily on the Sacred Passion, besides performing the works of the First and Second Degrees. The **SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY** of the Archconfraternity consists in a **CRUSADE OF PRAYERS** and **GOOD WORKS** for the conversion of China, and for the welfare of the Passionist Missionaries in China. Membership in the Archconfraternity will increase your personal devotion to Jesus Crucified. Please send your name for enrollment to *THE SIGN*, West Hoboken, N. J.

# The Super-Vegetarians

## *A Religious System of Absurdities*

By E. M. STANDING



HERE was a time when I used to be a vegetarian, and earnestly ate nut rissoles and marmite sausages. In those days if I looked at a dish of lamb cutlets, I was haunted by the spectral bleatings of wolly innocents being led to the slaughter; a mutton chop was to me a menace; and if I saw a bottle of Bovril I sighed with genuine sympathy, 'Alas, my poor brother!' For were not the animals our 'younger brothers'? Were they not even as we ourselves—climbing the ladder of evolution to higher and better things? What right had we to cut off their innocent lives before their destined hour had struck?

Then by the hand of destiny I was brought in contact with the Super-Vegetarians. The Super-Vegetarians are a sect of Hindus, usually known as the Jains. It so happened that my work in India threw me into intimate contact with these interesting people. I found them not only interesting, but exceedingly kind and hospitable, and in many other ways unusually charming and refined. In fact their code of ethics with regard to the animal world was too refined for me altogether. I became aware that I was only a beginner in these matters, a despairing amateur in the presence of professionals; I was not even an 'also ran.' In the presence of such high and austere consistency I gave up the competition; and, realising the direction in which my ideals were leading, fell back—not without relief—on the flesh-pots of Egypt.

The root principal of the Jain religion is the doctrine of Ahinsa, or Harmlessness. It is founded on the belief in the transmigration of souls, *i.e.* that the same soul comes to earth many times in different bodies. For instance, it might come successively as a beetle, a man, a crocodile, a horse, a scorpion, and so on during countless incarnations. Hence all life, especially animal life, is to be held sacred. It goes without saying, therefore, that the Jains are strict vegetarians. They will not even eat eggs, and many will not drink milk. Some of the very strict ones hardly eat anything more than fruit and nuts. Another of their peculiarities is that they will neither eat nor drink between sunset and sunrise, lest by mischance they might swallow a fly or other insect in the

dark—and this of course is for the sake of the fly!

They are much more than vegetarians. This amazing respect for all forms of life affects not only the food they eat, but influences their life in many other ways. For instance, though their house may be swarming with an Egyptian plague of flies, they would never dream of doing anything to mitigate their discomfort by the use of fly-papers. I remember once staying in the house of a wealthy Jain (a most accomplished gentleman, by the way, with a University degree), where the compound round his house was infested with monkeys. Though they ravaged his garden and stole his fruit, he would never allow anyone to shoot at them. He had two men permanently employed whose sole duty it was to drift about all day, scaring the monkeys away by shouting at them and throwing stones (but not to hit them). Even this was not a sufficient protection; for the second day I was there, on going into my bedroom, I was surprised to see a large black-faced monkey emerge from under my bed. One might almost have supposed that I had intruded into *his* apartment to judge by his angry looks and the nonchalant way he strolled across the room to the open window.

IN one city where I lived some time there exists a society—not for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but for the Preservation of the Life of Animals. This society runs various activities, including the free distribution of milk for monkeys and rice for ants. But the most striking of its undertakings is displayed when there has been a specially long season of drought. At such a time it happens naturally that many lakes and rivers begin to dry up, and the fishes, turtles and other aquatic animals therein are in grave danger of dying for lack of water. To prevent such calamity this society, which has ample means at its disposal (the Jains being a very wealthy sect), engages a number of servants to transport these creatures overland to larger lakes and rivers. By providing for such acts of charity the subscribers acquire much merit. Not content with saving the lives of fishes (which they transport in buckets), they have been known at times to turn their kind attentions even to crocodiles. They carry these slung on to long poles, having however first taken the

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wise precaution of blocking their jaws up with a log of wood.

There was a curious sequel on one occasion to an act of kindness thus bestowed on a crocodile. The men employed, having carried the crocodile several miles overland, let it loose again in a large river at a spot at about a mile from where I used to live. The crocodile, not being used to the quickly-moving waters of the river, climbed out, and found a resting place in an enclosure belonging to one of the cotton mills adjacent to the river. The mill, by the way, belonged to a Jain, and the spot chosen by the crocodile happened to be the place where his workers used to eat their midday food. You can imagine the surprise of these people the next day on finding the crocodile in possession of their luncheon ground. They drew back in alarm, not wishing to take any risks. Not so, however, a young and inexperienced puppy with an enquiring mind which happened to be there. Unperturbed by the ferocious spectacle, it waddled up to the monster to investigate, when suddenly—well, the crocodile was *not* a vegetarian! The body of the puppy disappeared in a flash, while its soul (according to the Hindu belief) was transferred to another body. Very probably, in its next incarnation, it has come back as a baby, destined to grow up into an intrepid explorer who will go big-game hunting in the jungles of Africa.

**I** REMEMBER once, in a conversation with Mahatma Gandhi (who belongs to the Jain sect), discussing this question of re-incarnation with him. He assured me, with the utmost sincerity, that if he were confronted by a crocodile and could not escape without either killing it or being killed by it, it would be his duty to let the crocodile eat him rather than, by taking its life, violate the principle of Ahinsa. He also added with his characteristic sense of humor that he could not predict whether, in a sudden emergency, he would have the moral strength to carry out his convictions, but he hoped he would. Personally I think it quite likely that Mr. Gandhi would not violate his principles even in such a predicament. I used to visit him at his Ashram or Settlement, sometimes, before he was put into prison; and one of his secretaries, whom I know very well and whose veracity I would never question however strongly I differed from him in principle, told me the following incident, corroborated by several others who were present. One evening, as they were sitting in the garden at their evening meditation, a large cobra came out of the long grass and made in the direction of the Mahatma. His followers, fearing for the safety of their leader, made

preparations to seize and remove it. He motioned to them, however, to remain still, as he did himself. The loathsome thing crawled right across his bare knees, and then slid quietly away into the jungle about its own poisonous business.

**A**S a general rule the true Jain will not kill a snake, however deadly. What they do usually is to capture it alive with a sort of long forked stick and force it into a jar. Then they carry it—or more usually their servants carry it—to a safe distance and let it go. In practice this amounts in many cases to dropping it unobtrusively near somebody else's compound.

Many of the more modernized Jains, however, do not carry out the practice of Ahinsa strictly as this. I know one, for instance, who eats eggs. He allows himself to do so because he says it prevents the chickens from growing up only to be cruelly slaughtered by his less enlightened countrymen who are not Jains. But then he was a lawyer! This is a profession, one might remark in passing, which is adopted by a good many Jains. A number of the ordinary walks of life are closed to these people on account of their peculiar beliefs. For instance, no Jain could take up a military life, or go in for agriculture, since both these occupations involve the taking of life. A considerable number have become bankers, and not a few of the leading cotton manufacturers belong to this sect—these being innocent employments from their point of view.

The researches of modern biology have caused the Jains much searching of heart. I heard of one gentleman who bought a microscope, and was so horrified by the revelation which it gave him of countless minute forms of life in earth, air, and water, that he smashed the instrument. He was horrified for he realized for the first time how many such organisms he must have unwittingly destroyed, and must continue to destroy, in his ordinary course of life.

The Jain who related to me the above incident takes a much more lenient view of things. He told me himself, without any pangs of conscience, that he killed half a dozen black scorpions in one afternoon, as they came crawling one after the other on to the verandah out of the rain. His wife, however, is much more orthodox than he, and every year he waits till she has gone off to the Hills in the hot weather to arrange for an annual slaughter of rats, mice, and other small animals that live in the bungalow as uninvited guests.

**T**HERE is a convenient doctrine amongst the Jains that a man may acquire merit by doing virtuous actions by proxy. Thus there are certain

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wealthy Jains who give money so that persons, brave or desperate enough to earn it, may sleep in beds swarming with the most disgusting vermin, in order that the latter may enjoy a hearty meal. It is with a somewhat similar thoughtfulness in view towards the 'lower forms of life!' that the priests of the Jain religion—according to the tenets of their order—are never allowed to take a bath. On two occasions I had the doubtful privilege of meeting some of these holy men, and I confess that I took care to seat myself at a very respectful distance. These priests are the salt of Jainism; but under these conditions one can easily understand that the salt is apt to 'lose its savor.'

Perhaps the most astonishing thing about the

orthodox Jains is the fact that, along with their meticulous care to preserve the life of animals, there often goes the most callous disregard for the sufferings of human beings outside their own particular caste. Of course there are exceptions, but they are exceptions, and must be so, from the nature of the case. For the philosophy behind this Super-Vegetarianism is a cold and lifeless system of abstractions—austere, legal and ponderous in its method and application. It knows nothing of the exuberant simplicity of simple faith, still less of the genial warmth of Christian charity. In their vivid appreciation of their brotherhood with crocodiles, they seem to have lost sight of the brotherhood of man.

## An Honest Man and a Foolish Woman

ONE of the first English Passionists was Father Ignatius of St. Paul. He was a convert to the Church. Previously he had been an Anglican minister, and was known as the Honorable George Spencer. He was the second son of the Earl of Althorp. As a priest he was simply tireless in his zeal for souls and God. Besides giving missions (he gave 245 in Ireland alone), he instituted a Crusade of Prayers for the conversion of England, which he constantly promoted, and devoted much of his time in begging, often from door to door, for worthy causes. A very pronounced characteristic of him was his blunt honesty. This in illustration:

One day he knocked at a door, and was admitted by a very sumptuously attired footman. Father Ignatius told the servant the object of his visit, his religious name, and asked if he could see the lady or gentleman of the house. The servant strode off to see, and in a few seconds returned to say that the gentleman was out, and the lady was engaged and could not see him, neither could she afford to help him. He then remarked that perhaps she was not aware that he was the Honorable Mr. Spencer. The servant looked at him, bowed politely and retired. In a minute or two Father Ignatius hears a rustling of silks and a tripping of quick steps on the stairs. In came my lady, and what with blushings and bowings, and

excuses and apologies, she scarcely knew where she was until she found herself and him *tête-à-tête*.

She really did not know it was he, and there were so many impostors. "But what will you take, my dear sir?" and before he could say *yea* or *nay* she rung for his friend the footman. Father Ignatius coolly said, that he did not then stand in need of anything to eat, and that he never took wine; but that he did stand in need of money for a good purpose, and if she could give him anything in that way he should be very glad to accept it. She handed him a five-pound note at once, expressing many regrets that something or other prevented its being more. Father Ignatius took the note, folded it carefully, made sure of its being safely lodged in his pocket, and then made thanksgiving in something like the following words: "Now, I am very sorry to have to tell you that the alms you have given me will do you very little good. If I had not been born of a noble family, you would have turned me away with coldness and contempt. I take the money, because it will be useful to me as if it were given with a good motive; but I would advise you, for the future, if you have any regard for your soul, to let the love of God, and not human respect, prompt your alms-giving." So saying, he took his hat and bid his benefactress a good morning.



# Catherine Aurélie Caouette

*Foundress of the Sisters-Adorers of the Most Precious Blood*

By CAMILLE DELAUX



FATHER FABER says: "The hearts of the saints, like seashells, murmur of the Passion evermore." Could it be otherwise? Jesus Christ suffered that we might suffer no more; He gave testimony of the Infinite Love of the Creator for His creatures. The saints have understood this mystery, and have appreciated it, and have been grateful for it; they have also learned that the music of the Passion soothes us in the jarring incidents of life. With St. Paul they knew only Jesus Christ and Him Crucified. This is true of all the saints; yet there are some who in an especial manner were bidden to linger at the foot of the Cross, drinking deep thoughts from the tide of Blood and Water which ever flows from the Divine Side.

"There is not a corner of God's creation," says Father Faber, "which is not more or less under the benignant control of the Precious Blood. . . . The Precious Blood was as the dew of the whole kingdom of angels. . . . Nevertheless the Precious Blood belongs in an especial manner to men. . . . Everything that is holy on earth is either leaf, bud, blossom or fruit of the Blood of Jesus. It is out of the Precious Blood that men draw martyrdom, vocations, celibacies, austerities, heroic charities, and all the magnificent graces of high sanctity. The secret nourishment of prayer is from those fountains. They purge the eye for sublime contemplation. They kindle the inward fires of self-sacrificing love. It is by the Blood of Jesus that the soul becomes ever more and more radiant. It is the secret source of all mystical transformation of the soul into the likeness of its Crucified Spouse. It is the wine which "inebriateth" the virgins of God. Out of it come raptures, and ecstasies. It fills the mind with heavenly visions and peoples the air with divine voices. Sinner, saint, and common Christian, all in their own ways, require the Precious Blood each moment of their lives."

The subject of this sketch lived out the ideal which Father Faber so eloquently sets forth. Mother Catherine Aurélie Caouette, the Foundress of the Sisters-Adorers of the Precious Blood, was an extraordinary soul, a true daughter of the Cross and Blood of Jesus. She was a character; she

represented a symbol; she stood out as an ideal type. She impersonated Devotion to the Precious Blood. Like St. Paul the Apostle, she was forever magnifying and praising the Blood of Jesus. Everything in her life was tinged with the Precious Blood. It had impregnated the innermost fibres of her soul, vivifying it, sanctifying it, ardently consuming it.

YET a school-girl in her home-town at the boarding school of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre-Dame, Catherine, in a performance of the playlet "The Martyrdom of St. Catherine," had the rôle of that virgin martyr. A-glow with fervor and palpitating with emotion, she spoke the résumé of the piece: "I feel in me the full energy of the Divine Blood; yea, 'tis a generous Blood, aspiring to be shed." From that moment, she attests, dated her marvelous devotion to the Precious Blood.

There was in her life an ecstatic joy, the joy of God in His Precious Blood. She looked upon the world as through the haze of the Precious Blood; she lived by the Precious Blood, immolating herself for its glory, speaking of it, writing of it, founding, at God's call, in its honor that Institute which to-day is flourishing both in Canada and in the United-States. It is by the Precious Blood that her faith and holiness grew even to marvels. And these wonderful things, not legendary and hearsay, attested as they are by men of prayer and judgement, unmistakably witness to her special call and devotion to the Precious Blood. Her confessor testifies that blood was seen to trickle from her forehead, from her breast and from her hands. Sometimes, after receiving the Sacred Host, her mouth would be filled with a red blood. "On other occasions," declares Monseigneur Larocque, the then Bishop of St. Hyacinthe and Co-Founder of the Institute of the Precious Blood, "the color of her dress would change from black into a dazzling white; twice I saw it change into a brilliant red."

EVERYTHING in Mother Catherine's life, whether natural or supernatural, was dyed in the Precious Blood. Enthusiastically she once wrote: "The Blood of Jesus is a honey, taken from the chalice of the Virginal flower, which was the pure womb of Mary; it is a honey which we wish

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for your lips. The Blood of Jesus is a balm, distilled on the tree of sacrifice and expiation; 'tis this balm which we shall ask for your heart when that heart will be wounded and made to suffer. The Blood of Jesus is a generous wine which makes strength and life circulate in our veins. It is with this wine that we desire to quench your thirst every day of your life. The Blood of Jesus is Light, and Love and Heaven!"

**M**OTHER CATHERINE'S singular devotion to Christ's Blood was neither the fixed

idea of a visionary nor the illusion of an unbalanced mind. It and the work that resulted from it were truly inspired by the Almighty. She walked the *Via Dolorosa* and founded her Institute on Calvary. She was scoffed at; she was criticised, persecuted, and treated as one bereft of reason: yet she weathered these blasts.

Graces of a very high order were bestowed upon her. "Thus," relates Bishop Larocque, "a small crucifix, which she used to carry in her belt, frequently grew so hot, when she pressed it against her heart, that the metal-image would burn the hand of those who touched it, or would leave a noticeable imprint on wax stamped with it." At times, too, rich and sweetly grateful perfumes exhaled from her person, flooding the room where she was. Once, when the Bishop was with her, after she had communicated, the room grew fragrant with an exotic and balmy aroma. To his question whether in this Communion she had received some special favor, she replied that Our Lady had sprayed her with a vial of perfume.

**L**ITTLE wonder that God chose Catherine as a cornerstone for an enduring structure, as the handmaid of His Will; He who exalteth the

humble, looked with favor on a soul so docile to His inspirations. She lived absorbed in the Divine Presence so entirely, that it is not too much to number her amongst the great mystics; her ecstasies were of the sublimest; the Eternal Sun was radiating in her heart, burning it, scorching it with the flames of pure love and satiating it with sweetness. Her prayer was continuous. But one would get an erroneous notion of her spirit of prayer, were one to imagine that she was forever floating above the clouds, or that she was in any way given to sanctimoniousness.



CATHERINE AURELIE CAOUETTE

Born at St. Hyacinthe, Canada, July 11, 1833.  
Educated by the Sisters of Notre Dame.  
Founds the Institute of the Precious Blood, September 14, 1861.  
Made her Religious Profession, December 8, 1863.  
Holy See Approves Rules and Constitutions, October 20, 1896.  
Died at St. Hyacinthe Monastery, July 6, 1905.  
Seventeenth Foundation of Institute made in Shanghai, China, May, 1924.

**M**OTHER CATHERINE was ever natural. Like normal beings of flesh and blood, she was deeply attached to her family. I recall that the Little Flower recounts, in her autobiography, how she could never understand those saints who had no affection for their relatives. Mother Catherine, though in many ways so different from the angelic Carmelite, had this in common with her: like Thérèse she was fond of her own people, especially of her father, whom she used to call her "dear big white father." (To her home, the cradle of the new Institute, she gave the name of the White Monastery, the White House). In gratitude to her father, who had shown himself interested and sympathetic towards her work, she strove to make his old age pleasant and comfortable.

When already an experienced religious and a foundress, she could write: "Having a little spare-time, I make use of it to tell you how everything here reminds me of my big white father. . . in this blessed month of May, I ask Mary to fill your old age with heavenly peace and with the purest joy one can taste in this valley of tears."

From her early girlhood she loved in God and for God, all who were kind to her; her pious parents, her mistresses, and her companions. Her

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pure and serene friendship with one of them is a thing of delicate charm and is numbered among the most treasured traditions of her daughters. Another incident apt to show her human sympathies was her acceptance into the convent of her three-year-old niece. On a certain feast-day the nuns offered to their superior, as a souvenir, the little child dressed as a novice. It was an innocent and lovely present, and Mother Catherine was amused with the charming, animated *bouquet de fête*.

**H**UMANLY natural and artless, she was likewise of a practical turn of mind, uniting in perfect harmony contemplation with business activity. Engaged throughout her life in founding, directing, reforming, traveling, she kept her eyes fixed on heaven. She was so finely tuned to God's Will, that, united to Him by the aerial of high aspirations, she did not lack the ground wire of an active and helpful interest in her neighbor. Ever mindful of the distinctive command of the Master, the command by the observance of which all men are known to be His disciples, she was inexhaustibly charitable. To be kind and affable to those around her, and, in behalf of the poor, to be generous and hospitable, was her daily meat. Once, when she was still at home, a poor man, half naked and covered with sores, presented himself at the door. Receiving him kindly, Catherine washed his ulcers, and offered him a bed for the night. In her after-life she was never known to turn away one of the many afflicted who begged her for advice or encouragement. She was all things to all. The sister-infirmarian, on one occasion, under the pretext that the Mother Superior being weak needed a rest, dismissed a nun who came for some permission. Mother Catherine very gently chided the infirmarian, saying: "Never tell the sisters who desire to see me, that I am tired; don't send them away, for if you do, they may act without permission, thus losing the merit which obedience ensures." "Love one another, be good and serviceable. Show good will in rendering services to those who ask you," was her admonition to her nuns.

**A**T the base of her sanctity was humility. Pride was so far from her that she was never garrulous on the matter of the favors which Heaven conferred upon her, and was always contrite and meek when reproaches were spoken against her. The report was spread that her administration smacked of favoritism and lacked firmness and regularity. A canonical visitor deposed Mother Catherine from office and changed the entire administration of her Institute. In this harrowing experience she showed herself a perfect

religious, and, with cheerful simplicity, humbly submitted to the manifest will of authority, and even calmed the commotion which the event had caused in the community. What a pleasure then it was to see the foundress handle the broom or wash in the laundry in company with her spiritual daughters! (Later she was honorably re-instated).

When still a girl, in order "to testify to her sovereign Lord a more ardent love, and to draw closer to Him, she vowed perpetual obedience and submission of her will to her confessor in all things, temporal or spiritual, and to execute promptly his commands, his admonitions, not excluding his simple counsels." Her devotion to the Precious Blood taught her the value of sacrifice and ignited in her a burning craving for suffering. It made her live the Passion.

"It is," says Father Faber "the very mission of the Precious Blood, to preach a crusade against quiet, sinless comforts. All the forms, and images, and associations and pictures, and ideas of the devotion to the Precious Blood breathe sacrifice. Their fragrance is the odor of sacrifice. Their beauty is the austerity of sacrifice. They tease the soul with a constant sense of dissatisfaction and distrust with whatsoever is not sacrifice, and this teasing is the solicitation of grace." It was a thirst for suffering that made her cry out, when she was but a girl: "Oh, my sweet Savior, give me the grace to suffer; send me illness, all you wish; I am ready to sacrifice all, in order to show You how much I love You, and how much I desire to see You loved!"

**I**T was not youthful enthusiasm or unreasoned exuberance that prompted Catherine to write thus. Her life was an unbroken chain of sufferings, which, strengthened by the Precious Blood, she bore with heroic joy. Addressing her daughters she said: "Our flag, my daughters, is the Cross tinged with the Blood of Jesus; our watch-word, that of sacrifice." For ten years, she was subject to cruel bodily pain which often prevented her from taking the least morsel of food; never did she ask for relief by medicinal care; only for patience and resignation! She was blamed and taunted, and her work became the target for scorn and contempt. Contumely and neglect were her portion. Instead of chafing and fretting under it, she gloried in it, exulting that so she was able "to embalm the wounds of Jesus with the balsam of love." Mother Catherine plunged into the purple-red sea of the Precious Blood, that the virtue of it might dilate her soul, making it larger, inflaming it with charity and elevating it incessantly towards the crucifying ways of Providence.

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The long trail of blood on her path, augurs well for Mother Catherine's work. It reveals the finger of Providence, Who bids His chosen ones follow along the road charted by Christ, and strewn with thorns and thistles,—thorns and thistles which are roses for such as, walking therein, look upon "Jesus Who having joy set before Him, endured the Cross."

**D**EVOTION to the Precious Blood goes hand in hand with devotion to Mary. "It has," says the great Oratorian, "a peculiar connection with the Immaculate Conception, and forms in itself a separate devotion to our dearest mother as the fountain of the Precious Blood; a devotion of the most inexpressible tenderness, a devotion to her immaculate heart and sinless blood!" Mother Catherine understood this. Her devotion to the spotless Mother of God was unique. Her Institute consecrated to the Precious Blood, she likewise dedicated to the glories of the pure vessel of the Precious Blood. The habit of the religious of the Precious Blood recalls in a touching manner the connection of the two devotions; there is in it white in honor of the Immaculate Conception; a black veil symbolizing Our Lord's Sacred Passion, and a red scapular, memorial of His Precious Blood. Mother Catherine called her religious

"Adorers of the Precious blood, and daughters of the Immaculate Conception." The feast of the Annunciation is one of the most honored feasts of the Order.

Mother Catherine, while still in the world, was privileged to behold in vision the Blessed Virgin. "I saw her," she recounts, "dressed in a garment of dazzling white and surrounded by a glory indescribable." With rapturous joy she heard the words: "My daughter, be without fear. Be as simple as a dove and blindly obey the directions of your guide, and your petition will be heard, your purity will remain unstained, and your modesty shielded from all trials." Two more visions were vouchsafed her; one of St. Dominic and the other of her Crucified Spouse. The Mother of God granted her child assistance and protection, helping her to be faithful through life to the Divine Call: "Be ye therefore perfect as also your heavenly Father is perfect."

Forsooth Mother Catherine, like St. Catherine of Sienna, one of the patrons of her Institute; "bathed in the Blood, worked in the Blood, walked in the Blood." The life of this Canadian mystic presents many a feature to be imitated. A study of it will make one's heart to glow with a new love for the Passion of Jesus Christ and for His Immaculate Mother.

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## Blindness

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL. D.

**T**HE sunlight on the brow of Jesus beams,  
And Judas looks enraptured on that brow;  
Then in that light a bit of silver gleams,  
And Judas seeth not the Master now.

Methought there was a while I saw His eyes,  
Gloried with love and searching to my soul.  
Alas! my gaze has dropped from Paradise,  
And counts the silver that procured his dole.



# The APPEAL of



# JESUS CRUCIFIED

## The Seven Dolors of Mary

*Some Thoughts and Affections on the Mother of Sorrows*

### THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

"And. . . . behold, an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying, *Arise, and take the child and his mother, and fly into Egypt; and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the child to destroy him. Who arose, and took the child and his mother by night, and retired into Egypt; and he was there until the death of Herod; that it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son. Then, Herod, perceiving that he was deluded by the wise men, was exceeding angry, and sending, killed all the male children that were in Bethlehem and in all the borders thereof, from two years and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men.*"—(Matt. 2/13, 16.)

#### FIRST PART OF MEDITATION

HOW many days the flight into Egypt consumed, we do not know. We are certain, however, that the way was long, rough, and painful for such travelers as the Holy Family, especially as they had been forced to take their flight at dead of night with absolutely no preparation for their journey.

Let us picture them now in the desert. It is night, a night brilliant with stars, the moon flooding the desert sands with a pale, soft radiance. St. Joseph has formed a semicircular hillock of sand for Mary, and seated within, she is resting back against it with Jesus in her arms. A poor little blanket is thrown about them. Above it we can just see the tiny head of the Divine Infant. A few paces off, St. Joseph watches, faithful and tireless. Mary, too, is awake, her dear eyes fixed upon the face of her sleeping Baby.

A few days ago, she had been happy with Jesus and Joseph in their little home. They had been getting ready to go back to Nazareth, among the loved ones. What a welcome they would find

there! How happy they would be, surrounded only by love and tenderness! True, Mary knew that the sword of sorrow foretold by Simeon would always be in her heart; but there in Nazareth, her happiness in her new home would help so much.

But now! Ah, now that lovely dream of hers is shattered. The home at Bethlehem has been broken up; her hope of a home at Nazareth is gone; and with Jesus and Joseph, she is an exile, all fleeing for their lives to a strange land and a stranger people. Yes Mary's face is indeed thin and pale and sad. But it is not because of the bodily sufferings of the last few days—the hunger and thirst, and cold and heat, and weariness and pain. It is because of the sorrow that pierces her soul, the sword of grief that now cuts with new agony, deeper and deeper as she leaves farther and farther behind her country and her people.

Ah, Mother, I know however that it is not for thyself that thou art weeping. Thou art weeping for Jesus Himself. He, the God of heaven and earth, has become an Infant for love of men; and already thou seest Him hunted like a wild beast, forced to flee for His life from these very men, His own creatures whom He loves so much. And thou knowest, Mother, that this is only the beginning of the rejection of thy Son by His own people. This is but the first step in the fulfillment of Simeon's prophecy that Jesus is to be a "sign which shall be contradicted", and that "thy own soul a sword shall pierce." Thou knowest how the prophecies concerning Him have foretold that He is to be "despised and the most abject of men," how all through His life it is to be said of Him, "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." Yes, Mother, thou knowest that this is only the forecasting of that final rejection of thy Son, in which He is to be driven from among His people for the last time, even as He is now being driven for the first time But,

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on that last day, thou wilt not be able to hold Him in thine arms, as thou dost hold Him now. Now His little body is warm against thine own, and the infant heart is beating close to thy heart. But, on that last day, thou knowest that the body of Jesus will hang in agony above thee, and thou wilt not be able to clasp Him in thine arms until He is cold and still in death. Ah, Mother, that is why thou dost press thy Baby so tightly to thy bosom and dost cover His face with tears and kisses. Here lies the second of thy great dolours, for these were thy thoughts during this flight into Egypt. Help me to understand, Mother. Help me to compassionate thee. *(Continue making such affections to Mary as long as you feel your heart moved by them.)*

### SECOND PART OF MEDITATION

**D**URING these days of the flight through the desert, we know that Jesus could not have spoken to Mary with His baby lips. But what must have been the Divine communications that took place between His sacred heart and the heart of His Blessed Mother. These thoughts we shall leave for your meditation, rather than for our cold and ineffective writing.

Yet, we may consider here the great lesson for ourselves in this mystery, the lesson that Mary herself learned and realized so perfectly during those days of deepest sorrow.

Many years later, Jesus was to preach to His disciples the great "Sermon on the Mount," the "Sermon of the Beatitudes." And among these beatitudes, we find this sentence, "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice's sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Here we have the lesson which, we believe, Jesus taught to His mother during the flight into Egypt.

"Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice's (in other words "for My") sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Note that our Divine Savior says, "theirs is the kingdom of heaven" and not "theirs will be the kingdom of heaven," Theirs is the kingdom of heaven, in so far as human beings may possess it on earth. Why? Because those who suffer for Jesus, always possess

Him in their hearts. They have with them Jesus Christ, their God, the same God Who will one day in heaven ravish their souls in eternal ecstasy, and Who on earth in the midst of the persecutions that His loved ones suffer for Him, fills their hearts with the "peace that surpasseth all understanding." Thus do they possess a foretast of the Kingdom of Heaven even on earth.

We have remarked the sadness in Mary's face. But, as we gaze at her, we shall see that, with all her sorrow, she has, too, a look of supernatural peace. For, whatever Mary's sorrow may be, she has Jesus in her arms. She possesses the kingdom of heaven as much as it may be possessed by any soul upon this earth.

Let us now, in all humility, ask Mary to give into our arms her Baby, and then let us try to feel a little of what Mary felt as her Baby and her God lay against her breast. Have we ever before held Jesus in this way to our hearts? Have we ever allowed the sweetness of His Divine Presence to flood our whole being with a delight that makes all the delights of the world seem empty in comparison? Perhaps, if we have never felt this foretaste of the happiness of the kingdom of heaven, it is because we have never suffered persecution for Jesus, as Mary did. Not, however, that Jesus

calls upon all of us to suffer the pain of exile, as He called upon Mary, to leave home and all that we hold dear for His sake. But He does call upon all of us to suffer any persecution of men or of the devil or of our own evil passions rather than be separated from Him. Do we always respond readily to that Divine Call?

Oh, I am ashamed, Mother, to look at thee, to look down at Jesus as I hold Him in my arms. His sacred heart is beating against my heart. It is beating warmly with love for me. O Mary, teach me how to be faithful to thy Divine Son. Let me suffer anything rather than be separated from Him and thee. *(Continue making such affections as long as you feel your heart moved by them.)*

**RESOLUTION:** To-day I shall offer some act of self-denial to Mary, that the love of Jesus may grow in my heart.

**ASPIRATION:** Virgin Most Faithful, pray for us!



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

# OUR JUNIOR READERS



## In Memory of Marie Helen Broker

(Died April 15, 1924, aged 13.)

**S**HE was an humble orphan child,  
Who never knew life's sinful ways;  
Among the holy Sisterhood,  
She innocently passed her days.

Just in her teens when stricken down,  
The Sisters told her death was nigh,  
"I yearn for death," she said, and smiled,  
"I know it will be sweet to die."

"For I shall go where Jesus is,  
To His dear Home above the skies;  
I wish to spend my Easter-Day,  
With my Best Friend in Paradise."

Death came. 'Twas but a sweet caress  
Of her Best Friend and Heaven's King.  
Her last look was a rapturous one,  
Did she not hear the angels sing?

Oh lovely, guileless, orphan maid,  
Though you were young, yet you were wise,  
To walk the path called Innocence,  
Until you came to Paradise!

### My Dear Junior Signers:

Recently, Marie Broker, a very good little girl and one intensely interested in the Chinese Missions, died. She was 13 years of age, an orphan, and lived with the good Benedictine Sisters with whom she was a great favorite. When told that she was going to die very soon, she became very happy, and said that she was anxious to spend her Easter-Day with Jesus, her best Friend. She died a holy death on Tuesday of Holy Week. May we not hope that this innocent child actually did spend her Easter-Day with her best Friend in heaven.

We can all learn a lesson from our little friend. It is this. It matters not how long we live in this world, but how innocently we live. If Marie could speak to us I am sure that she would say, "Let innocence be dearer to you than life." Let us all put this motto in practice, and we, too, shall one day spend our Easter-Day with Marie, and our best Friend in Paradise.

The competitive composition was not as warmly contested as I expected it would be. Most of you claim that you are very, very busy with examinations. Others say that never having seen an ideal boy or girl, ideas on these subjects are sadly lacking. However, some fairly good compositions were submitted, and the prize winning ones are printed in this issue. I heartily congratulate the winners, and hope that they like the prizes which I have sent to them.

One word more. Vacation time is here, a time when many children get into all sorts of mischief. I hope that our Junior Signers will not be among the "many". Try to be as good as any child on your street and, if possible, even better. Don't forget your little Chinese brothers and sisters during the summer months nor Bobby Mite Box, either. You will have plenty of time to have little parties in the interest of dear old Bobby.

Wishing you all a very happy vacation, I remain,  
Affectionately yours,  
DADDY.

## Prize Winning Compositions

### THE IDEAL GIRL

**I** THINK an ideal girl is one who tries to know God's Will and to do it. That is what our Blessed Lady, the Ideal of Girlhood, did on this earth. If she has a vocation to be a Sister, then she ought to be one, and go to China to teach the little Chinese boys and girls all about our dear Savior Who died on the Cross for our sins. And she ought to win as many little heathen children for God as she can.

But if she thinks that God doesn't ask as big a sacrifice of her as to go to China, then she can be a Sister at home, and teach the little boys and girls around this part of the country about our Savior, and tell them how He suffered and died on the Cross to gain the love of their hearts and to save them from the terrible, terrible torments of hell. And if she is going to be an ideal Sister, she must train herself to be very gentle, sweet, loving and kind to everyone, for this is the kind of Sisters who do most good for God.

Now if a girl thinks it is her vocation to get married, then she may indeed marry, but the man must be a good Catholic who goes to church, and receives the sacraments often. But if a girl marries a man who is not so good, because she thinks she loves him an awful lot, then she may get terribly fooled, and he may spoil her whole life. And if she has children, she ought to teach them to say their prayers, and send them to a Catholic school. Most of all she should give them good example, for children are usually as good as their mother, not one bit better.

FRANCIS PRUSALOUSKI,  
St. John's School  
Scottdale, Penn.

### THE IDEAL BOY

**T**HE ideal boy gets up promptly, when called in the morning. His first act is to kneel, say his prayers devoutly, and kissing his crucifix, promise Jesus that he will do his best to be a very good boy all day.

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He comes down to breakfast bright, smiling, and wide awake, and has a cheery "Good morning" for everybody. He drinks his coffee nicely—without any terrible sipping noise—and is very polite to all at table. His jovial remarks put everyone in good humor for the day.

Before going to school he asks mother if she has any tasks for him to do. If she has, he does them most willingly, always glad to prove his love for the dearest mother in the world, not by soft words but by hard deeds.

At school he is known as a very well-behaved boy. He knows that the poor teacher has a very hard job, and he does his best to make it easy for her by studying his lessons, and by obeying her commands. He has no use for show-offs—children who are forever cutting up just to attract the attention of others, and who wish to be called smart. But he is not a sissy; he takes no back talk from so called "fresh" boys. They know he is a real little man, and fear him, too.

He chooses his friends very carefully. His boy-friends are clean, wholesome, manly lads, honest and upright in every way. Well does he know the old proverb, "Tell me your company and I'll tell you what you are." Merely "cute" girls simply do not exist for him. He takes no more notice of them than he does of a pot of red paint or a piece of white chalk. His girl-friends always have beautiful souls, though they may have rather plain faces. Outside of school hours he behaves in a manner worthy of an exemplary Catholic boy. In a word, an ideal boy puts his beautiful Catholic Creed into daily deeds.

ETHEL J. ADOLPH,  
Sacred Heart School  
New York City

### A Most Welcome Letter

Dear Father:

I am sending you \$6.50 which I have saved during Lent to ransom a little heathen baby. Will you call it Mary? I did not go to the Movies or eat any candy during Lent so that I could save a little soul for God. I am seven years old and when I am a man I am going to be a priest.

Your little helper,  
REGIS LANE.

### More Encouragement

Dear Father:

Enclosed find five dollars for the ransom of a Chinese baby. I am teaching the Primary Department of our Academy and my little ones have saved up their candy and picture-show money during Lent for a Chinese baby. I receive The Sign every month, and read from it to my children. The enclosed sum is the result.

We wish our baby to be named Mary Virginia. . . .

We shall try to do better next year. . . . Our hearts are with the Passionists, and their work, at home and abroad. . . .

Begging your blessing, and with very best wishes, I remain,

Most humbly yours in Christ,  
SISTER MARY XAVIER

### Very Good Little Children

Dear Father:

Will you please send this letter, and the enclosed check for five dollars to one of your Fathers in China. We wish to have a little girl baptized Mary O'Connor in memory of one of our little classmates who went to heaven a few weeks ago. We were going to buy flowers but our Sister advised us to send our money to the Chinese Missionaries and have a little girl named after our dear little school-mate, making the offering for her dear good parents that God may bless and comfort them, and spare to them their other children.

Asking you to pray for us, we remain,  
Your little Missionaries,  
ST. RAPHAEL'S  
CIRCLE

### Kentucky Wonders Still Busy

Dear Father:

We are sending you \$45. for the Chinese Missions. We had lots of fun when we brought our "Bobbies" to school and opened them. Some of them looked like stuffed frogs. Now the poor little fellows look as though they had been sick for a month. But Sister says they will pick up real soon for we are going to feed them well. Bobby Mite Box is always taken care of in our room, when he isn't, Sister has a face like an undertaker.

But we all try hard to please our Sister in everything for we think there is no one like her.

Promising to keep on praying and working till the whole world knows and loves Our Blessed Lord, we are,

Your Little Kentucky Friends,  
ST. FREDERICK'S CIRCLE.

### Circle St. Louise Busy as Bees!

Dear Father:

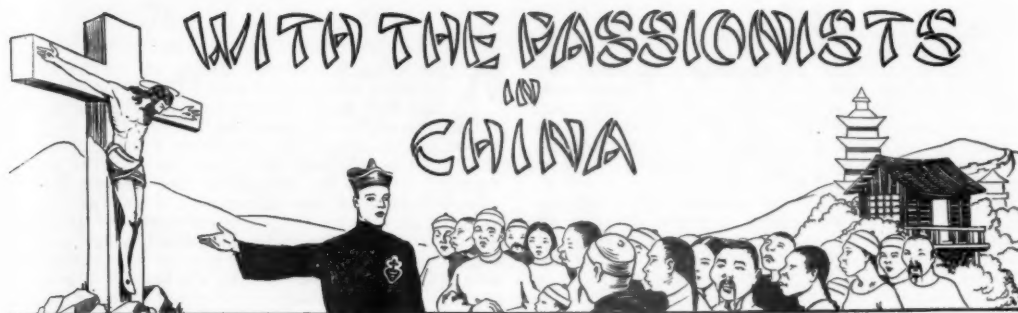
We are still working hard for our little Chinese friends. One of the girls brought a chocolate rabbit to school to raffle off. She charged a nickel a chance. Sister said if she had a nickel she would take a chance. One of the boys took a chance for her. When the boys saw what the girls were doing, they brought a "Jazzo Jim" to raffle off. The girls are now ahead in the contest but the boys are trying hard to catch up. They never say die, neither do the girls.

Your devoted Little Missionaries,  
CIRCLE ST. LOUISE.



MARIE HELEN BROKER





# WITH THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

The Return to Hankow - - - Sick Calls in China - - - Some  
Chenki Facts - - - Gemma's League - - - Sisters!

## The Return to Hankow

By Father Edmund Campbell, C. P.

**A**FTER several months of missionary activity and thrilling experiences, Father Edmund was recalled from Shenchowfu to assume charge of the Procurator at Hankow. In the following letter, he gives an account of his trip down the river.

When Father Dominic's telegram arrived telling me to leave Shenchowfu and go immediately to Hankow, the Chinese were in the midst of their New Year celebrations. At no other time of the year are there such festivities. All work is suspended for fifteen days. For this reason I found it very difficult to get a boat of any kind to go down the river. Finally, after searching all day along the water front, I persuaded the owner of a small junk to take the long disagreeable trip.

With three men at the oars, we set out on a Friday at 7:00 A. M. We had gone only a few hours when a blinding snow storm overtook us, and, as we were far from any village, we pulled into shore for shelter. I don't think I was ever so cold in my life. Although dressed warmly enough, the wind seemed to penetrate to my bones. The devil got busy of course and painted for my imagination the warm comfortable houses in America, and how different it was to be out in such cold when it could be otherwise.

At noon, the storm ceased and we resumed the trip and covered quite a distance. When evening came, we pulled in near a village and remained there till the following morning. Owing to the intense cold, it was impossible to remove any clothing, so fully dressed I tried to get some sleep. About 9:00 P. M., the people of the village turned out for the torch light dragon procession and from then on until the early hours of the morning the yelling of the people and the reports of fire-crackers made sleep impossible. The boatmen moved out into midstream at 6:00 A. M., and soon we were going rapidly down the river. Due to an oversight on the part of the man accompanying me, the few eatables prepared for us at Shenchowfu were forgotten, and we had to be content with boatmen's fare—black tea and rice.

Thus we traveled from seven o'clock Friday morning until 6:00 P. M., Monday, when we reached Changteh. At this place, I spent the night with the Augustinian Fathers, and early on the following day

started out for the remainder of the trip. This time, however, I secured quarters on a large barge, which was pulled along by a small steam launch. The boat was crowded, for a great many Chinamen were going to Hankow for the holidays. Among the passengers there were twelve soldiers who demanded the best of everything and paid for nothing.

The second morning on board brought some excitement. One of the soldiers raised considerable commotion by declaring that some one had stolen his clothes. An elderly man, who had slept near the soldiers, was accused of the theft, but he emphatically denied that he knew anything about them. Gathering around him, the soldiers searched him thoroughly without finding the missing articles. Enraged at his loss, the soldier demanded that the old man be tortured and forced to reveal the hiding place of the clothes. After stripping him, they bound his hands and feet and tied him to a post. With other ropes they began to twist his limbs and joints until the poor victim screamed with pain.

I felt it was time to interfere. Until then I said nothing as it would be imprudent to incur their enmity. For two more days and nights we would have to be fellow passengers and I had visions of like treatment. Trusting in God, I called to them to stop and they did so. I tried to show them how unjust they were. The old man had not left the boat, in fact had not been out of their sight. If he had been guilty of the theft, surely the clothes would be about his person as he carried no luggage. They had searched him from head to foot without avail. Finally I told them that unless they stopped torturing him, I would report them to the General. In my own heart I feared such a thing, as I did not know to what army they belonged.

After I finished, they spoke hurriedly among themselves and then informed me they would not do the old man any further harm. It was touching to see the poor fellow trying to express his gratitude. With my limited knowledge of Chinese, I tried to tell him how God in heaven had watched over him and took pity on his misery. He was deeply interested in everything I said, and it is my fervent prayer that God will give him the gift of Faith. About an hour later, the clothes were found wrapped up in an old coat. The soldier then remembered having put them there himself to make a pillow for the night. The rest of the trip was peaceful.

ARE YOU WITH THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA? YOU CAN BE, IF YOU ONLY WILL.

I arrived safe at Hankow and was glad to find Father Dominic waiting for me. Since coming here I have been very busy. Every morning I rise at five o'clock and take a twenty minutes walk to a Convent to say Mass. On my return I spend some time in studying the language, no matter how much business may be on hand. It is my fond hope that sooner or later I will be sent back to the country, so I want to be prepared. This experience, however, in the Procurator will do me good.

Returning home the other morning from the Convent, my attention was called to a man lying in the gutter. It is not an uncommon thing to see people here lying in the streets, but the groans of this man showed he was very ill. The Chinese passed him by without as much as lifting a finger to help him. The only notice some of them took was to laugh at his misery.

As the poor man was unconscious, I could do very little for him in a religious way, so I hurried to the nearest Catholic hospital to ask for help. The good Sister there immediately sent two men with a stretcher. When these fellows laid eyes on the dying beggar, they said he was not a case for their hospital but for another located in the poorest section of the city. No amount of promises or threats could move them to pick the beggar up. I finally had to send to the other hospital for assistance.

It was fully two hours from the time I found the man until he was moved out of the street. While waiting for the men to come, several practical reflections came to my mind. At first I could not understand such manifest hardness of heart, allowing a fellow creature to die like a dog and make no effort to help him. After all, what more could one expect from men deprived of the elevating influences of the Faith, and the help of divine grace. But there was another lesson that I learned with profit for my own soul. I do not think I ever realized with such vividness the forgetfulness of men of the Sufferings of Christ. All those words of the Prophet Isaiahs about the Savior of the world being "despised," "the most abject of men," "the outcast of the people," and "a leper," "as one struck by God and afflicted," and similar expressions passed through my mind. It was not hard to learn the lesson.

## Sick Calls in China

By Father Constantine Leech, C. P.

A CATHOLIC priest's duties are the same in China as everywhere else. The Good Shepherd does not spare himself and truly gives his life for his sheep. From morning till night, he must be about the business of his Heavenly Father, preaching the Word of God and instructing many in the way of justice. Besides the services of the Church and the administration of the Sacraments, a priest's time is devoted to visiting the sick, searching for the wayward, caring for the little ones, comforting the aged and afflicted, and bringing sympathy and encouragement to the cross-bearers who are heavily laden with poverty, sorrows, losses, or troubles of many kinds.

In pagan lands, however, the apostle of Christ considers it his chief care to bring into the one true fold the other sheep who have never heard of the Good Shepherd. The missionary is indeed solicitous for the souls committed to his guardianship, but zeal for God's honor and glory and the salvation of men urges him to make every sacrifice and every effort to gain those for whom Christ suffered and died. The pagans are too frequently the instruments of the devil and are slaves of the powers of evil. The priest goes forth among them as God's representative to rescue them from ignorance, superstition, and vice. It is the missionary's continual task to teach the divine truths, the divine commandments, the everlasting kingdom promised to the faithful children of God. Though often disappointed, the priest still perseveres.

Father Constantine in a letter written at Yung-shunfu on April 3, illustrates the apostolic life of a priest in China:

It was my intention to write before this date, but, with the study of the language and other difficulties that are always turning up around here, one scarcely realizes the time passing. However, let me offer you one or two incidents that will give you some idea of our life in this part of China.

On one of my recent visits to Sin Si Pin, Brother Lambert related the following experience. Many a time I have been told that the ancient Chinese were noted for their knowledge of astronomy. Brother Lambert is willing to believe history, but declares



FATHER DOMINIC MAKING THE MISSION ROUNDS IN HIS PULLMAN DE LUXE

BY YOUR PRAYERS AND OFFERINGS YOU CAN GREATLY HELP THE MISSIONS.



A RARE PICTURE OF A BONZE OFFICIATING IN A CHINESE TEMPLE

that the people of Sin Si Pin certainly lack the ability of their forefathers and oftentimes manifest little ordinary common sense.

On the night of February 20, he was awakened from sleep by most infernal sounds. Noise is rather common in China, even at night, but this hubbub was so much out of the ordinary that Brother Lambert had to get up, and go out to see what caused all the fuss. Out in the village he saw bonfires burning on every side; candles were lighted in front of the houses; the people burnt joss sticks and shot fire-crackers; soldiers were firing their guns in the air; others were beating on anything that made a noise; and almost everybody kept shouting at the top of their voices.

Brother Lambert for some time could hardly make himself heard. He simply had to shout like the rest of them in order to find out what they were yelling about. They repeated again and again: "Look at the moon! Look at the moon! A big dog has swallowed the moon! We must frighten him and make him spit it out again!" True enough, the cause of all the uproar was an eclipse of the moon. Brother Lambert explained to them it was an eclipse, and that it would occur again before the end of the year. Notwithstanding his explanation, it was some time before he succeeded in quieting their fears and persuading them to go back to sleep.

A few weeks ago I went to one of the stations for Sunday. While at this station, a letter from Father Agatho at Yungshunfu informed me that he had received a message from another station that a woman was dying and that I should go and see her. Accordingly I started early the next morning on a day's ride over the mountains to her home. In our district, it is impossible to travel at night. If you wish to go by chair, you can not get men to carry it. It would be imprudent to ride a mule, for the way is dark and rocky and there would be constant danger of falling. No one dares to travel out into the country at night through fear of the bandits. It rained all night and the morning brought us a cold wet day.

The man accompanying me assured me he knew

the way and we started on our journey. We had not gone very far when it began to rain, making the road more slippery than ever. After continuing along through the mountains, we came to the end of the road in a dense woods. Evidently we had taken the wrong way, and we were obliged to retrace our steps until we found the right road. After a real day of it, we arrived towards evening at what I thought would be the end of our trip. We went at once to the house that is used as a chapel whenever a priest can visit the place. I inquired about the sick woman. But no one there knew of any sick person. Turning to my companion, I asked him if this was the place I told him to bring me. At first he said yes; finally, after a long discussion, which is always the way with the Chinese, he admitted that the place I wanted to go to had no chapel and that this was the nearest one to it and so he brought me here. Chapel or no chapel, I convinced him we had to reach that other place that night.

After some tea and rice, we resumed our journey, though it was beginning to get dark. This time we reached the right place. They took me to the house of the sick woman. The family were gathered about a fire and after a little conversation with them, I inquired where the woman was who had asked for the priest. To my surprise, she was seated at the fire along with the rest of the family. To hear her talk and argue, you would be certain she had no intention of dying for some time. She was not baptized, knew very little doctrine, and, as there was no danger of death, I could do nothing.

At the station where I had been when Father Agatho sent me this call everything necessary for Holy Mass is kept and consequently I did not bring a Mass kit from Yungshunfu. But on receiving this call, I packed up everything needed in a basket and brought it along from the station. Lo! the man carrying the basket let it fall in the river. Hence, I could not say Mass the next day. Such is life in China.

On another occasion at Yungshunfu, when Father Agatho was away at one of the stations, a sick call

ABOUT THAT DONATION YOU WERE THINKING OF MAKING! DO GIVE IT NOW!

came and I had to go and do my best. Supper was finished, and I had just started preparing for the doctrine class when two men came with a letter from one of the stations, telling me a man was dying. They asked me if I would go and see him. Would I go? There are not many answers for a priest to give such a question.

I said Mass very early the next morning and started on my journey. The roads were very wet and muddy. The three men carrying my chair were opium smokers, and one in particular smoked at every place we stopped for a rest. I would have to go into the back room of the house and practically drag him out in order to continue our journey. On the second day we arrived safely at our destination.

It did not take me long to find the house of the man I had come to see. I hurried there, trusting to be of some help to him. They told me on entering that he had died just about a half hour before I came. They took me into a room in the rear. Leaving the bright day light and going into the darkness of a Chinese house, one can hardly see a step. I walked to about the center of the room and asked where the man was. They pointed to the floor directly in front of me. It was well I had stopped when I did. Another step and I would have walked on the body. It was lying flat upon the floor in the center of the room. There may have been a board beneath it. The feet were tied together, and a few cloths were placed beneath the head. The sight gave me the creeps!

As we knelt in prayer, the low chant of the Chinese sang softly the words: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death." Indeed I hope Mary heard those prayers and stood by this poor man when death came to him. I hope Our Blessed Mother supplied by her intercession for the priest whom this man desired so much and was not granted such a grace.

On the way home we tried to reach a small town before night and then it would be possible to make Yungshunfu the next day. I asked some of the Christians if the men could make this town that night and they felt certain it could be done. I knew by my watch it was getting late. As it was a very bright day, and the sun is the only means the people have of telling the time, they asserted it was possible to make it. I had my doubts, but as long as they were willing, I ventured it. My boy's feet were sore, so I let him ride in the chair. As he was much lighter than myself, the men could make better time. As I expected, it began to get dark before we came near the town. We lighted a lantern, but this made matters worse as the glare flashing in the eyes made it hard to see the road.

Finally the men refused to carry even the boy, declaring they could not do it in the dark. Small lad that he is and with sore feet, I felt sorry for him, but he made no complaint and kept right up to the Sen Fu, making the way easier by his happy talk. The road was in a horrible condition. In the darkness one would see what looked like a rock and make a jump for it only to find oneself in a puddle of water or soft mud. At every house along the road I feared the men would refuse to go any further. At last they took such a slow pace that the boy and myself left them to make their way as best they could and we went on to the town.

Early the next morning we started out again for Yungshunfu and got back home at nightfall. You may be sure I was glad to see the smiling faces and hear the happy welcome of the Christians.

My principal work here is giving instructions. At regular intervals the catechumens assemble for doctrine. Strangers come to the mission almost daily, asking many questions about God, religion, the Church, Catholic practices, and the mysteries of our holy Faith. In one way it is not so difficult, as the Chinese, like little children, seem continually asking questions. The Missionary must have an answer for them, and it quickly inspires more questions. Thus the people are getting to know more and more of the true religion, and are coming closer to the Church.

Kindest regards from Father Agatho and Brother Lambert. We are all well. Pray for us! We never forget our Benefactors in our daily Mass and prayers.

## Some Chenki Facts

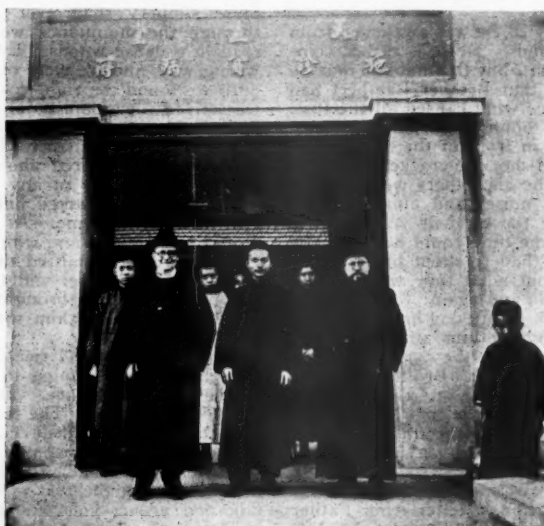
What Father Paul is Doing

**F**EW of the early apostles wrote any letters, and if we form our judgment from the number now extant, they wrote rather seldom. The New Testament proves St. Paul to be the best letter writer in the sense that he wrote longer and more letters than any of the other apostles. Would that we could say as much of Father Paul Ubinger, C. P., the missionary at Chenki. Unfortunately he does not imitate his great namesake in this way,

but from other sources we are pleased to learn that he follows him closely in faith and zeal.

Fathers Dominic, Flavian, Edmund, Dunstan, and the other missionaries, occasionally send us a few facts about Father Paul and his missions. They assure us that his health is good and, having gained an easy command of the language, he gives himself wholeheartedly to the apostolic work entrusted to him. He is certain to do great things.

Chenki is a city of nearly three hundred thousand people. After leaving Shenchowfu, it is the first place



FATHER EDMUND AT THE SPANISH PROCURE, HANKOW

IT'S A NICE THING TO HAVE YOUR OWN LITTLE ANGEL PRAYING FOR YOU!



## HAVE YOU A MITE-BOX OR A DIME BANK? IT IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING!

the missionaries reach when traveling to the distant missions. It is situated on the Yuan River, and is a great center for the merchant boats going back and forth between the towns in this part of Hunan.

When the Augustinian Fathers came to the district, they selected Chenki as an ideal place for a central mission. For several years Vincent Martinez, O.S.A., resided here as the missionary. He built the little oratory still being used by the Christians.

When the Passionists came to North Hunan, Father Raphael was chosen to assist Father Vincent at Chenki. Later, Father Raphael was sent by the Bishop to be missionary at Paotzing and Father Paul succeeded him as assistant missionary in Chenki. Under Father Vincent's direction, both Passionists acquired much knowledge and experience and besides learning the language, customs of the people, methods of instructing them, they were also initiated into the government and care of a Catholic mission in China.

As soon as Father Paul could take charge of Chenki, and when the last band of Passionists arrived in Hunan, Father Vincent was transferred by the Bishop to another mission in the Vicariate and Father Paul was appointed to be his successor. Father Dunstan has been assisting Father Paul for the past few months.

Though we have no statistics about the four stations attached to Chenki namely, Pu Shi, Lou Ki, Tan Yuan, and Kao Tsung, the report from the central mission at the end of the year 1923 was 70 baptisms 514 Communions, two marriages, and 5 persons were anointed before death. They had no church nor schools, but merely a small oratory as at the stations. The Christians then numbered three hundred and twelve, and the Catechumens one hundred and twelve. Father Paul is laboring zealously to make this mission one of the largest in the district. He has a gigantic task before him; for according to the census taken in 1920, Chenki is a larger city than Scranton, Pa., or Jersey City, N. J., or Rochester, N. Y., or Springfield, Mass. Lou Ki, one of the stations, has a population of one hundred and ninety thousand, a greater city than Albany, N. Y.

It is Father Paul's earnest desire to build schools and through the children to win the adults and, in God's good time, have many if not the majority of the people of Chenki fervent adherents of the Catholic Church. He will succeed, because of his wonderful trust in God and his untiring zeal.

Owing to lack of means, it will be a long time before he is able to do any building at Chenki, much less at any of the missions. It is probable that as the number of priests increases, his district will not be so great and he can devote more time to the central mission. His courage is admirable, and divine blessings will reward him for his generous sacrifice of self and intelligent zeal.

A discouraging incident happened recently when on a visit to the station at Pu Shi. Father Paul related it in a letter to Father Dominic. It seems his boy, Vincent, was crossing the city with the mule to go down to the river when a soldier stopped him and claimed the animal as his own. A number of soldiers being within hailing distance, the boy became frightened and ran back to tell Father Paul.

Immediately Father Paul hurried to the place. The soldier made no reply to any of his questions, so Father Paul asked him to bring the mule over to the barracks a short distance away. He did so and there the other soldiers joined him in claiming the mule. They turned from Father Paul to the boy and started to slap him and tore his clothes and took some coppers from him. They would have ill-treated him even more, had not Father Paul protected him. They agreed to leave him alone if the Sen Fu would speak to their officer favorably. These men were bandits before joining the army, and their officer was formerly their chief. When he came along in a few minutes, he returned the coppers to the boy and ordered the soldiers to give back the mule.

The Chief Officer, Tsen Yui Chang, is a splendid fellow about twenty eight years old and a great friend of Father Paul. When he heard about the affair, he hurried off to the mission and expressed his sincere sympathy at the annoyance his soldiers had given. He would punish them if Father Paul so desired.

Tsen Yui Chang, on returning from the mission, issued a "Kau Si" or proclamation to the effect that the Catholic Mission in this town of Pu Shi was a

place of public benefit and must be respected by all the people, and henceforth anyone who should dare to harm or molest the persons or property of the Catholic Mission would be severely punished.

The soldiers and people of the town usually respect such a public proclamation, but it seldom has little effect outside of the town. In the country district, along the river or on the mountain passes, the bandits have no fear of the authorities and do as they please. The soldiers who took the mule were formerly bandits and therefore did not know the strict order kept in the town. As they returned the mule, Father Paul suffered no loss, and the disagreeable experience soon passed into memory.

More frequently Father Paul finds much to encourage him. Since his arrival in Chenki, he has won many friends. They are ever ready to help him as much as it is in their power. From day to day his influences increases and, with God's blessing, he is accomplishing much good for the pagan population as well as for his own Christians. If his health and strength keeps up with his ambition and zeal, the report from Chenki at the close of 1924 will certainly be pleasing to God, and to all who are helping him in his strenuous work.



FATHER KEVIN WITH THE KIDDIES  
The little fellow at his right hand is now in heaven

**YOUR DONATION WILL HELP TO FEED THE POOR AND THE SICK IN CHINA.**

## Gemma's League

**I**N vacation time numerous opportunities will present themselves to promote the League of prayers and good works for the conversion of China. Friends of the missionaries are urged to increase their zeal and to make the League better known. They are earnestly asked to induce as many as possible to record some prayer or virtue every day and to send it for the Chinese Bureau to forward to the missionaries. Vacation will not then be a wasted time but rather a season of blessings; for God will generously reward every prayer and every action offered for the support of this apostolic work.

During the Summer Religious Communities will be able to give greater attention to this share of the foreign missions, because of their freedom from regular school duties as also being a time for annual retreats. They will have an excellent chance to extend the League and to get more schools interested in this apostleship. By discussing it among themselves, they will discover many acts of virtue, many hours of study and labor, that are faithfully carried out every day and would bring countless blessings to the Chinese Missions if offered for such an intention. In a classroom of twenty or thirty children, who make the Sign of the Cross before and after school, who are taught to be faithful to Mass and Holy Communion, if all agreed to offer such acts of faith and piety for the conversion of the Chinese people, a splendid list of good works and prayers could be sent to the missionaries every month.

Most edifying and certainly pleasing to God are the lists of prayers and good works sent to us by several Catholic families. Where there are five or more at home, one may keep a list for all of them. Five or seven Masses are counted for each Sunday, and listed as twenty Masses heard for the month; and often as many Communions are offered for the Chinese Missions. In a similar way each member of the family counts the Rosary or some other prayer familiar to all of them making one hundred and fifty given to the Missions for that month. Hours of work or reading or study are also listed as contributing some help to the missionaries. Every time the list is used, or when one is given to a friend, it is written down as an act of zeal to support the Fathers in China and to bring more blessings on their labors.

People who intend to leave home for a few weeks' rest should keep this thought in mind that they can take an active part in the Chinese Missions by the practice of virtue and by fidelity to their prayers. They perform an act of zeal, or an act of kindness towards the missionaries, each time they speak of the Chinese Missions to others. They can persuade children to offer some prayer or sacrifice for the conversion of China, that God may give the poor people there the gift of faith. Through such prayers many a child will be brought to the priests for the saving

waters of Baptism and the happiness of Heaven, who otherwise might never see the Adorable Face of our Divine Savior.

We earnestly desire to receive good lists to send to China during July and August. The missionaries are pleased when they receive them. Such lists explain many remarkable facts that come to their notice. They credit these prayers and good works for the conversion of many pagans, for the fidelity and piety of the Christians, for their own protection in time of trouble and danger, and especially for the progress of the missions committed to their care. They frequently express their gratitude for this kind of support and at the same time plead for more of it.

The following list represents the prayers and good works offered for the Chinese Missions during the month of May.

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY

Masses said	25	Way of the Cross	6,512
Masses heard	19,422	Rosaries	13,887
Holy Communions	11,094	Seven Dolors Beads	24,470
Visits to the Blessed Sacrament	33,050	Ejaculatory Prayers	5,900,118
Spiritual Communions	89,055	Hours of Study	17,140
Benediction Services	4,769	Hours of Labor	17,815
Sacrifices	316,758	Acts of Kindness	15,634
Sufferings	419,467	Acts of Zeal	8,930
Offerings of the Precious Blood	149,478	Deeds of Charity	42,071
		Prayers	280,421
		Various Good Works	15,168

### Sisters!

**W**HAT all well-wishers and benefactors of the Passionist Missions in China will hail with delight is the gratifying news that the Sisters of Charity whose mother-house is at Convent Station, N. J., have taken up the work of the foreign missions, and that five of their number will go to Hunan in the coming month of September.

The Reverend Mother Alexandrine in sending these devoted Sisters to China is making a huge sacrifice in view of the great demand made for the services of her Community at home. But she is confident that this foreign work will bring a blessing from God in multiplied vocations.

The coming of the Sisters marks a new era in the missions. Thus far, Hunan is the only Chinese Province that has not had the beneficent influence of Sisters. From the first day of their arrival the Passionist Missionaries realized the absolute necessity of the presence of the Sisters if the Church in Hunan was to make satisfactory progress. Their hopes (and surely their prayers) are now answered in the generous self-sacrifice of the Convent Station Sisterhood.

The upbuilding of the Church in America has been simply phenomenal. What part our various Sisterhoods have had in it is appreciated by comparatively few. And what the Sisters have done here will now be done in Hunan. Contact with these consecrated women will be a fresh revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ to the poor pagans and "the shadow of salvation will be upon their mountains."

### "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

**K**INDLY remember in your prayers of good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.

SISTER MARY, (Russell)  
ANDREW DOWNEY,  
MARY BURKE,  
MARY MURPHY,

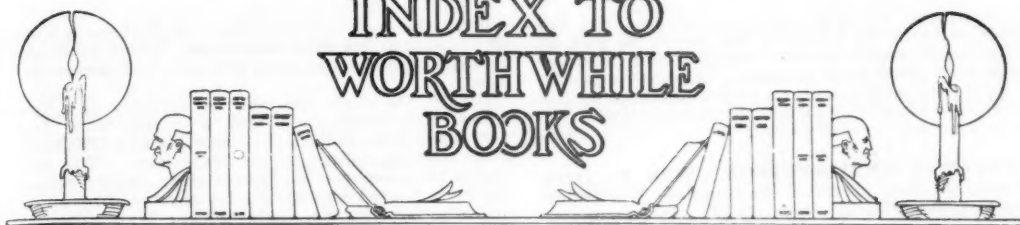
C. O'DONNELL,  
WILLIAM McCUE,  
ANNIE FENTON,  
HUGH CAIRNS,  
ALICE DOWNEY,  
JULIA O'LEARY,  
THOMAS DOLAN,  
PATRICK CAIRNS,  
MICHAEL, McVEIGH,  
MARY E KAVANAGH,  
JAMES DOWNEY, SR.

JAMES DOWNEY, JR.  
EDWARD DOWNEY,  
MARGARET FORD,  
JOHN P. GILVEY,  
CARLO MINETTI,  
EMMA LONGO,  
JAMES GEDDIS,  
GEORGE BOHN, SR.  
MARY McVEIGH,  
ANNA M. FITZGERALD,  
MARY MULLALLY,

MARY BARR,  
JOHN SHANNON,  
SARAH FORTE,  
CATHERINE KEARNEY,  
MARGARET McCONNELL.

**M**AY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

# INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

**ART PRINCIPLES IN LITERATURE.** By Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. Macmillan Co., New York. Price: \$1.50.

This book will repay careful reading and study. Those students of literature who have asked themselves or others what is wrong with the contemporary literary product will find here a pointed, brief, luminous, sane and manifold answer to their inquiry. The principles of these essays are frankly philosophical, but the discussions are popular rather than academic. The Greek and Roman writers and their more modern compeers are made to bear damaging witness against contemporary literary principles and practice. In conviction-provoking fashion the author traces the canker of individualism through all its ramifications in the modern literary decadence: individualism, with its negation of altruism and all sense of responsibility, its reeking emotionalism and pessimistic bias, its morbid realism confusing the ideal realm of art with the drab common-places of reality.

The author is not as iconoclast; he is a sane and constructive critic offering good substitutes for the things he destroys. These essays are a plea for an art that is born of a high purpose; an art that can plumb the depths of the human heart; that can "voice ripened experience and enshrine mellow wisdom and so appeal to all men of all time." He pleads for an art product that is "real as life but perfectly idealized by perfect transfer to the realm of art."

The best part of this excellent book is the section on Art and the Divine, wherein the author rightly maintains the tradition that art and religion are inseparable in history. The author was bound, of course, to fall back upon the archeological common-places to support this part of his thesis, but those facts are used in a way that is both new and stimulating. The reason he gives for the continuous union and close connection between art and religion, namely, that they are akin in their attributes, if not entirely new, at least has not always been defended and enforced with equal analytical and expository power. The tendency of both art and religion is upward out of the work-a-day realm of expediency and selfish interest into the purer atmosphere of disinterestedness and unselfishness. Both have their highest and most perfect expression in the sublime. Here art and religion do not soar on equal wing, but religion bears art on high and gives to it some of its own divinity. No mere summary can indicate the excellence of expression and treatment in the chapter on Art in Its Relation to Virtue, wherein this book of conspicuous merit throughout reaches the high water-mark of excellence.

In an age when science contemns revelation; when government is indifferent to religion; when political economy spurns natural and divine law, and the Christianity of the modernists is renouncing Christ, it is no wonder that art in its various branches is obliterating all traces of its sacred origin and character. But the products of the individualists are so much in demand in the crowded marts of commercialised literature that a book, artistic in a true sense of the word, would scarcely be in demand, if, indeed, it could

even find room on the crowded shelves. The individualists themselves are so remote from the austere purity of true literary ideals that a book about Art Principles in Literature, so far as they are concerned, is like the "voice of one crying in the wilderness." Of course, there is no hope that a mere book, however eloquent and convincing, will completely change the face of the literary world and in one day regenerate literature in all its pristine purity and excellence. But if the teachers of literature generally adopted the sensible method propounded in the second part of this modest work, wherein the author applies, if not the letter, at least the spirit of these artistic principles, a generation of writers would be produced who would be real apostles of sweetness and light beyond even Matthew Arnold's most earnest desires. Let the educator keep the classics, but let him not shackle the minds of his students by a heavy mass of historic names, dates, places, and an endless jumble of textual and grammatical minutiae. His one endeavor should be to open to the student the door of the literary kingdom, that he may learn spontaneously to delight in the endless spectacle of artistic beauty—a spectacle which will first awaken his power of appreciation and then stimulate him, as far as lies in his power, to create in his turn examples of the good, the beautiful and the true in literature.

The worth and importance of a book of this kind cannot be over-exaggerated, for it goes very far towards supplying the very lack which, implicitly at least, it bewails.—M. K.

**HINTS TO PREACHERS.** By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hugh T. Henry, Litt. D. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price: \$1.90.

The chapters of this book have already appeared casually in "The Ecclesiastical Review;" they remain virtually as they first appeared. The author has of set purpose put aside all formalism in treating of the pulpit, persuaded that in avoiding a class-room style he would win a broader and more sympathetic hearing. We think his aim will be attained. An unpretentious title has been given to a volume that reveals a wide range of reading and a discriminating winnowing of copious information. Hints To Preachers is addressed primarily to parish priests in America. The whole question of homiletics is discussed from the viewpoint of the peculiar difficulties presented by conditions that obtain today in the average American city. Hence the book will serve as a sane and practical guide for priests who take their duties in the pulpit seriously and are eager to accomplish the greatest possible good under circumstances over which they have not always full control. The first chapter considers the much debated question—The Long Sermon. Here as elsewhere, Msgr. Henry impanels his jury from among laity and clergy. The conclusions arrived at cannot fail to be stimulating and helpful to the reader. Not without reason does The Long Sermon serve as a point of departure; once clear notions are had as to just how long a modern Sunday congregation may with propriety be detained, then many other elements



## THE † SIGN

of the sermon will take shape accordingly. For this reason it would be unfair to the author to cull his views on the many matters treated of and to survey them apart from their context. The book ought to be read as a whole, with its view-point kept well in mind. A Bibliography and an Alphabetical Index will prove welcome features.—C.O.G.

**LETTERS ON MARRIAGE.** With An Introduction by Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price: \$1.25.

Here is a novel book. A score of young men and women write their own views on marriage, in the form of letters, to the Editor of "The Queen's Work." The collection is here gathered together in book form. The letters present the problems of young people facing matrimony, in a plain, serious, interesting, sometimes humorous, always chatty, manner. Habits, disposition and character of the Catholic man and woman, fit to marry, are all considered; and if no other good came of this discussion than to make boys and girls realize in this age of immature, "puppy-love" marriages, the necessity of serious thought before marriage, this book would be worth while. Written by the young, to the young and for the young, the letters are plainly understandable by them, and genuinely helpful.

Parents have here disclosed for themselves the innermost thoughts and sentiments of their children on a subject that most young men and women are naturally loathe to talk about. The book, therefore, cannot help but be of practical value to fathers and mothers. Suggestions as to the establishment of community and social centers where the young folks may become better acquainted, with a view to finding "the right one," are scattered through the pages. Such social centers, under competent supervision, would help to avert many a matrimonial failure.—C. S.

**THE MIRROR OF HUMILITY.** By John Peter Pinamonte, S. J. (Translated from the Italian, by the late Thomas I. Gannon, S. J.) The Manresa Press, London. Price: \$0.50.

The author indeed holds up The Mirror of Humility, revealing to the reader not merely his surface-self, but his inner-self, as he really is, not as he appears in his own eyes. Could the substance of this little work be thoroughly digested by many in this our age of boastful self-sufficiency, and applied to their practical relations with God, their neighbor and themselves, many current evils would be eliminated. The solid considerations and practical applications for each day of the week, make for usefulness.—C. S.

**VENIAL SIN.** By Rt. Rev. J. S. Vaughan. Preface by Cardinal Gasquet. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price: \$1.35.

This is a short treatise done in the well-known style of the author of "Thoughts For All Times" and "Time And Eternity." It is the best thing, if not the only thing, of its kind available for English readers.

**OUR LADY BOOK.** By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price: \$1.85.

A prayer-book suitable for general use among the laity, augmented by numerous devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin; illustrated; excellent as a manual for members of the Sodality.

**WOLF-MOON.** By Joseph J. Quinn, Little Flower Press, Oklahoma City, Okla. Price: \$1.50.

This is the first publication which we have received from the Little Flower Press. Though the cover and wrapper are done in the lurid style of our modern "best

sellers", the story is worth while. Wolf-Moon is a tale of Oklahoma. Oil fields, mountains, "great, wide open spaces," cowboys and cattle are described with a sure hand.

Briefly, the story concerns the fortunes of a little gypsy girl, Bluebonnet, and a young man, Jack Corcoran, from Philadelphia, who goes to Oklahoma, after quitting college, to get experience. The hero leaves his sweetheart in Philadelphia. Before departing he is coaxed into having his palm read by an old hag who is plying her trade at Cape May. She tells Jack that he will marry in the West a girl who hails from the East, in the Month of Wolves. Jack thinks it a huge joke. He goes to Oklahoma and engages in the oil business. Then he turns to cow-punching. While engaged in this hardy occupation he meets a little gypsy girl who has escaped from the tribe. She is taken in by Jack's neighbors. He becomes infatuated with her and she learns to love him. The first love from Philadelphia shows up. But which of the twain Jack marries is for the author to tell.

Mr. Quinn displays an intimate knowledge of the people and scenes he describes. He has eyes that see and ears that hear. But he is young. A discerning reader can recognize that. His descriptions are sometimes overdone. There is a conscious effort to please which at times results in what is called "fine writing". We can imagine Mr. Quinn consulting from time to time a book like Fr. Donnelly's "Model English." But, he is young and he can be forgiven. This defect is amply compensated for by the interest which he creates and maintains throughout.

For one who delights in good, clean literature, who finds delight in stories of cowboys and cattle, we unhesitatingly recommend this book. In Wolf-Moon you have a book done somewhat in Zane Grey's best style, and, better still, Catholic in tone. Mr. Quinn's description of the attempt of cattle rustlers to steal from the herd of Mr. Twitchell, which is foiled by the hero, is vivid and would show up well in the films. There is one thing which we cannot condone, and that is the wretched spelling. Perhaps it is not the author's fault. We hope that he will continue to give us books like Wolf-Moon—only better.—A. L. C. P.

**MARY ROSE AT BOARDING-SCHOOL.** By Mary Mable Wirries. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price: \$1.00.

Girls will find much to amuse them in this story of mischievous Mary Rose, "the most poeting poetess that ever poeted in our midst," as one of her friends dubs her. "A lesson in Meekness" is a grim chapter for girls who persist in thinking that teacher is the worst old grouch.

**DAN'S BEST ENEMY.** By R. E. Holland, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price: \$1.25.

Boys who have read "Reardon Rah!" will enjoy another book about Dan Reardon. The present novel relates his various encounters with a peculiar but true-to-nature type of boy-enemy. A new friend of Dan's, Jamesy Cutter, is a creation that will win instant sympathy. Any continuation of this series of stories must have this lovable boy in the foreground or else be doomed to failure.—F.S.

**IN THE WILDS OF THE CANYON.** By H. S. Spaulding, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price: \$1.00.

Neil Murray in the canyons of New Mexico with his first rifle, a grizzly bear and several pumas, this much will inform the boy-readers of Father Spaulding's stories that they have another rattling good tale with occasional thrills.



# A Few Very Practical Scriptural Lessons

## GOD'S OWNERSHIP

**W**HATEVER you have belongs to God. He made it. "What hast thou that thou hast not received?" (1 Cor. 4/7.) Through the disposition of His providence you possess it. You can recognize His ownership by returning to Him at least a part of it: "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and give Him the first of all thy fruits." (Prov. 3/9.)

## IN HIS NAME

**I**N giving something to those who are working for God you are simply giving back to Him what is already His. In His goodness He not only deigns to accept your gift but He also rewards you for it: "God is not unjust that He should forget your works, and the love you have shown in His name, you who have ministered and do minister to the saints." (HEB. 13/15.)

## OUR OWN HOUSEHOLD

**W**E are instructed to do good to all men, especially to those of the household of the Faith. Assuredly, then, those priests of God who have sacrificed all things in order to spread the Faith have particular claims on your help: "Whilst we have time let us work good to all men, especially to those of the household of the Faith." (GAL. 6/10.)

## SACRIFICES THAT COUNT

**T**HE best givers are usually the ones who have the least to give. There is more sacrifice in their giving, because of their limited means. There is no doubt that God will bless them abundantly: "Do not forget to do good and impart, for by such sacrifices God's favor is obtained." (HEB. 13/16.)

## ARE YOU GETTING RICHER?

**O**F course, you want to be richer. One sure way of getting richer is by giving to God and supplying the needs of His servants who are working for His cause: "Some distribute their goods, and grow richer." (PROV. 11/24.)

## THE EXAMPLE IMITATED

**F**OR the sake of millions of pagans in China, twenty-six Passionists have voluntarily exiled themselves from home and loved ones. They have become poor, that the pagans may become rich: "For you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that being rich He became poor for your sakes; that through His poverty you might be rich." (2 Cor. 8/8.)

## THEIR NEEDS

**L**ET us be very plain about it. These Missionaries need money. They need a great deal of it if they are not to be hampered in their work. What they have so far received is very little in comparison with what is required for the building and furnishing of chapels, schools, orphanages and hospitals. Will you help them? "In doing good let us not fail; for in due time we shall reap, not failing." (GAL. 6/9.)

## THEY WILL REPAY

**A**S you give to the Missionaries, they give to you. They have material wants. You have spiritual wants. For your material aid they offer you spiritual riches. You participate in their Masses, Prayers and Good Works: "In this present time let your abundance supply their want, as their abundance may supply your want." (2 Cor. 8/14.)

## "By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors of our Missionaries and their Missions. Please help to make the list grow bigger. Holy Scripture says: "If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little." (Tobias 4/9.)

**CIRCLES:** St. Constance, \$10.00; St. Elizabeth, \$10.00; St. Julia, \$5.17; No. 14, \$25.00; St. Xavier, \$5.00; St. Joseph, \$16.00.

**LOUISIANA:** Hainesville, R. W. R. \$1.00.

**MASSACHUSETTS:** Brookline, C. C. W. \$10.00; Cambridge, R. R. \$1.00; Dorchester, E. M. B. \$5.00; Lawrence, W. F. F. \$2.00; Marlboro, C. M. B. \$10.00.

**MARYLAND:** Baltimore, S. J. M. P. \$28.00; S. J. S. \$25.00; Friend, \$25.00; Riderwood, F. T. H. \$5.00.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE:** Manchester, H. R. S. \$5.00.

**NEW JERSEY:** Avon, C. R. C. \$1.00; Atlantic City, J. H. M. \$5.10; Belleville, A. M. F. \$1.00;

Hoboken, M. M. \$5.00; M. C. \$5.00; M. M. \$5.00; J. C. \$25.00; Harrison, H. C. S. \$5.00; H. C. S. \$5.00; Jersey City, C. M. \$1.00; M. M. \$1.00; O. M. \$1.00; M. M. T. \$1.00; M. H. \$6.25; Morristown, C. D. \$2.00; Newark, M. B. \$12.00; H. D. \$1.00; C. H. \$1.00; M. E. \$1.00; D. S. \$1.00; H. W. \$5.00; N. O. N. \$25.00; Passaic, E. M. H. \$3.00; Secaucus, A. E. \$1.50; West Hoboken, W. H. \$5.00; M. H. \$3.50; A. M. H. \$10.00; West Orange, J. C. \$20.00; Union Hill, A. W. \$5.00.

**NEW YORK:** Brooklyn, C. M. D. \$2.00; C. M. \$2.00; Anon, \$28.50; L. T. \$2.00; Anon. \$1.00; Buffalo, V. N. \$5.00; New Dorp, M. M. V. \$5.00; New York City,

M. F. \$2.00; T. M. \$5.00; E. L. S. \$2.00; C. M. S. \$3.00; E. A. F. \$1.00; M. J. D. \$5.00; M. E. F. \$25.00; M. M. P. \$5.00; P. T. \$1.00; Tonawanda, D. M. \$2.50; Woodhaven, E. C. \$2.00; M. A. \$1.00; E. K. B. \$1.00; J. M. \$1.00; Yonkers, M. J. \$10.00.

**PENNSYLVANIA:** Avoca, H. D. \$2.00; Carnegie, R. F. \$5.00; Philadelphia, H. J. M. \$2.00; F. E. \$1.00; Pittsburgh, E. P. \$7.00; V. B. \$1.00; K. C. \$5.00; B. E. G. \$3.00; Scranton, S. C. W. T. \$4.00; Friends, \$16.90.

**INDIANA:** New Albany, O. K. \$1.00;

**ONTARIO:** Teeswater, A. M. \$1.00.

## "I Have Built a House for Thy Dwelling." (3 Kings 8/13.)

OUR Missionaries in China have been asking for Chapels. With the coming of the thirteen new missionaries even more Chapels will be needed. To start a new Chapel \$500. is necessary. To finish and furnish it requires \$500. more.

UNDOUBTEDLY, some of our Readers can afford to build a Chapel. *It can be paid for in installments on terms to suit your own convenience.* Those who give \$500. are considered the builders of the Chapel and have the right to name it.

WHAT a privilege it is to be able to erect a house of God where the Holy Mass will be offered and the Sacraments administered and the Grace of our Lord imparted! What more fitting memorial in honor of your deceased parents, relatives or friends!

THOSE who cannot give the price of a Chapel are requested to contribute what they can afford to our Chapel-Fund.

### Our Chapels

Holy Trinity.....	\$.....
Sacred Heart.....	\$.....
Our Mother of Sorrows.....	\$.....
St. Michael.....	\$.....
St. Joseph.....	\$.....
St. Patrick.....	\$.....
St. Paul of the Cross.....	\$.....
St. Gabriel.....	\$.....
Little Flower.....	\$.....
A home for Christ's Little Ones will cost \$5,000.00. Give what you can in honor of His Blessed Mother.	
Our Lady's Orphanage ....	\$.....

HERE are the names of some Chapels which we expect to build shortly. In sending your donation just say that it is for this or that Chapel or for the Orphanage.

IN making such a donation you are honoring God, Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin or the Saint for whom the Chapel will be named.

FOR the sum of \$100. you can add to the list of titles. Here is a splendid way of proving your love and gratitude to your Heavenly Patron.

YOU are kindly asked to send us something for this fund as soon as possible so that we shall be able to fill in the blank spaces, in our August issue. Please address your donations to:  
**PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES**  
Care of THE SIGN  
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

A GOOD thing to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss.

A MITE BOX WILL HOLD ANY KIND OF MONEY. WHEN IT IS FILLED, BREAK IT OPEN AND SEND US THE CONTENTS IN CHECK OR MONEY-ORDER OR CASH.

This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want, —the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

A DIME BANK HOLDS DIMES. ABOUT FIFTY OF THEM. WHEN THE BANK IS FILLED, WRAP IT SECURELY AND SEND IT TO US BY REGISTERED MAIL.

THE SIGN  
West Hoboken, N. J.

Reverend Fathers:

Dime Bank  
Mite Box

Please send me a Dime Bank and Mite Box.

Name: .....

Address: .....

Please write or print Name and Address very plain

STATEMENT OF CONDITION  
OF  
**Highland Trust Company**  
of New Jersey

Cor. Summit Avenue and Demott Street  
AT TRANSFER STATION  
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

At Close of Business, December 31, 1923

**RESOURCES**

Stocks and Bonds.....	\$1,733,301.86
Mortgages.....	1,183,263.25
Loans, (Demand and Time).....	294,900.00
Bills Purchased.....	957,676.47
Banking House.....	85,241.22
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1.00
Cash on Hand.....	161,971.78
Due from Banks.....	137,360.82
Accrued Interest.....	30,333.01

**\$4,584,049.41**

**LIABILITIES**

Capital .....	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....	153,776.76
Deposits .....	4,130,272.65

**\$4,584,049.41**

Trust Funds are kept separate from the  
assets of the Company

**A  
Banking  
House  
of Merit**

OUR  
FRIENDLINESS  
AND  
HELPFULNESS TO  
OUR PATRONS IS  
A VALUABLE  
ASSET NOT  
LISTED

2 Per Cent Interest  
Allowed on Check Accounts  
4 Per Cent Interest  
Paid on Special Accounts

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INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS  
CORDIALLY INVITED

All business entrusted to us will  
receive prompt and accurate  
attention

OFFICE HOURS  
Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.  
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.  
Monday evenings, 6 P. M. to  
8:30 P. M.

CORRESPONDENCE  
SOLICITED

**O**UR representative has called at  
the Brunswick Laundry, 220  
Tonnel Avenue, Jersey City,  
N. J., and made a thorough inspection  
of the Largest Laundry in America. He  
was astonished to find cleanliness and  
sanitation brought to perfection, he has  
found over 300 Employees, cheerful,  
healthy and satisfied with their jobs,  
their pay and their employers. Patrons  
are always invited to visit this large  
plant and see for themselves the process  
of washing and ironing. The 'Brunswick  
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fair play to all employees and customers.  
We gladly recommend this firm  
to our readers.

THE NEW MID-TOWN RESTAURANT

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New York

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For committee meetings over the luncheon  
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# What's That?

Torrid Heat : Intense Cold : Periodic Famine : Recurring Plague : Devil Worship : Rampant Vice—THAT'S CHINA!

Banditry Let Loose : Widespread Poverty : Profound Ignorance : Disease Prevalent : Degraded Women : Abandoned Babies—THAT'S HUNAN!

Twenty-two Millions of Humans : Stoical yet Sociable : Physically Strong but Morally Weak : Very Simple and Very Lovable—THAT'S THE PEOPLE!

Raising the Poppies that Curse Them : Cultivating the Rice that Scarcely Nourishes Them : Hardly Any Manufacturing—THAT'S THEIR INDUSTRY!

Young in Years : With Undaunted Courage and With No Thought of Self : Ambitious To Do Big Things for Christ and To Save the Souls of the People—THAT'S THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARY!

Some Forty Huts : Some Five Small Houses : A Few Chapels : One Church, One School, One Orphanage—THAT'S THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS!

There are Twenty-six Passionist Missionaries Devoted to the Conversion of Hunan, China. To Build Churches and Chapels, Schools and Orphanages, Hospitals and Asylums—THAT'S THEIR PROGRAM!

To Feed the Poor and to Clothe Them : To Care for the Sick and Dying : To Rescue Enslaved Women : To Mother Abandoned Babies : To Make Jesus Christ Known and Loved—THAT'S THEIR PLEA!

To Answer Their Plea and To Assist in Their Great Work—THAT'S YOUR HIGH PRIVILEGE!

Please Address Your Answer to

PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES

Care of THE SIGN

West Hoboken, New Jersey



